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LETTERS
TO
SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN
ON
AFRICA:

WRITTEN WHILE ON A MISSION TO AFRICA, AND DURING
A VISIT HOME.

By GEORGE THOMPSON,
MISSIONARY TO MENDI MISSION, WEST AFRICA.

CINCINNATI:
AMERICAN REFORM TRACT AND BOOK SOCIETY.

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PREFACE.

THE following letters were written, without any view to publication, amid much illness, and many labors. They were written with the hope of interesting *children*, and of awakening a *missionary spirit* in their hearts—a pity for the heathen, and a determination to labor for their salvation.

I have endeavored, in them, to give children a *general* idea of Africa, and in many things a *definite* knowledge, received from personal observation. By the introduction of the *letters* from the African children an interesting acquaintance may be formed between, them and the children of our Sabbath Schools here; and while they develope the ability, and character, and progress of African children, under Christian instruction, they also tend to awaken and increase a deeper interest in their behalf, among the children of this country.

The author receives *no* pecuniary profits from the work. It is written solely for the purpose of *doing good*, and with a strong desire of hastening the day of *Africa's redemption*. If such shall be the result, under God, my desire will be fulfilled, and God shall have all the praise, now and ever.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

AFRICA is a country, less known, probably, than any other, but the desire to become acquainted with it is greatly strengthening and spreading. Though it is one of the *last* countries to be explored, yet doubtless, by future developments, it will be found to be one of the finest, and richest countries in the world; and the African race, so long trodden down and despised as "*inferior*," "only fit for slaves," may yet arise and become the *ornament of the world*. And in them, it is expected by many good men, will be seen the brightest developements of Christianity, the most rich, lovely, and perfect exhibitions of the religion of Jesus, the world ever saw.

But before these things will be seen, *a great work must be done*, by the Christian Church, for them. We owe them a *debt*. They have strong claims on us. We have assisted to sink them in degradation, and for their elevation they may now justly look to us. May we all do our duty.

The passage to Africa is from thirty to forty-five days, to Sierra Leone. Sierra Leone is the English Colony, begun in 1787. Previous to its settlement

by the English, it was a strong *slave trading* post, but is now a Christian settlement, containing between two hundred and three hundred square miles, and some 60,000 inhabitants. The main population is made up of liberated slaves, taken from the numerous slave ships brought in by English cruisers. It is estimated that there are here collected together between fifty and a hundred different languages, brought from many and distant portions of Africa. Though they all talk their own language, yet the English is the common medium of communication, which all learn and speak more or less distinctly.

All the teaching and preaching is in English.

Physically, Sierra Leone is almost entirely composed of immense magnificent piles of mountains, which present a grand appearance.

There are many villages in the colony containing from 500 to 3,000 souls. FREETOWN is the capital. It contains 18,000 inhabitants, constituting, I judge, as great a mixture as were ever assembled in one place. Many have lately arrived, and have but little, while many are rich men, having acquired large fortunes by their own single handed exertions, and they are living in houses, and a style befitting London.

Schools are numerous, and all the children are sent to school. The schools embrace all degrees of education, from A B C to a thorough college and theological course, and many promising young men

are preparing themselves, we hope, for usefulness. Great things are expected from Sierra Leone, by properly training these numerous representatives of so many of the tribes of Africa, that they may return and instruct their people, as is beginning to be the case.

Chapels are numerous, and meetings abundant, and well attended.

Sierra Leone is every year increasing in importance in the commercial world, and many vessels from foreign nations are constantly visiting it.

Here our missionaries land and remain till a passage can be obtained to the mission.

The *Mendi Mission* is about one hundred and fifty miles southeast of this place. This journey is generally performed in *canoes*, taking from three to ten days, according to the weather. We go down the coast, past Plantain Islands, within Sherbro Island, nearly to its southern point, then go east, up Little Boom river, about thirty miles. Here is situated *Mendi Mission*, begun in 1843, by WILLIAM RAYMOND, in the midst of the slave trade and war. But the Gospel has had effect and is spreading round about.

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LETTERS
TO
SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN
ON
AFRICA.

LETTER FIRST.

HAVING now introduced my little readers to Africa, I will commence with my "LETTERS TO SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN AND OTHERS," interspersing additions, and more full explanations of things from time to time, as the case may need.

And, dear children, may I not fondly hope, that while you read these letters your hearts will glow with love to the heathen, and that you will resolve to *do all you can*, while life lasts, to send the blessings of the Gospel to "*every creature.*"

We, who are now missionaries, will soon be called to our rest above, and some of *you*

may be called to take our places, *others* to give, *all* to pray, and help to obey the great command of our dear Savior, "*Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.*"

DESCRIPTION OF THE CHILDREN.

MENDI MISSION HOUSE, Aug. 2, 1848.

DEAR CHILDREN: Having promised you a letter when I got to the mission, I now haste to tell you a little about the children here.

There are here about seventy boys and girls, from about seven to eighteen years of age, the most of them are *small*. Many of them have been *slaves*, and were, by Mr. Raymond,* saved from slavery and death, by paying a few dollars for each one. If they have *parents* living they know not where they are, and if they did know, they dare not leave the mission to go to them, lest they should be seized and killed by wicked men.

*Mr. Raymond began the mission when the "Amistad captives" returned to Africa. After laboring six years, he died, and I was called to take his place. He did a great deal of good.

Many of their parents and homes have been destroyed by the *wars*, and the mission is the only earthly home they have, and I the only one to whom they can look as a father.

My companion, ANSON J. CARTER, who came with me from New York, *died* in eight days after he arrived here, and I am now left alone to look after and provide for all these children.

Before I came, (after Mr. Raymond's death,) some parents had taken their children away, fearing that another missionary would not come—others fearing that the war would destroy the mission and all its family, so that from upwards of one hundred, the number was reduced to what I have stated. Since I came, those parents have been again and again to plead with me to take their children back, but I tell them "*I cannot*, unless you will *feed* them,"—this is new doctrine to them. One man brought two boys, and some rice to *sell*. I told him the conditions, and he left a bushel of rice, with promise of more, and I took the boys.

In consequence of the war, all over the country, there has been famine, and the children have suffered very much for want of something to eat. Often the school has been broken up for days, from this cause—they being obliged to wander through the grass and bushes, in search of something that would keep them alive. Sometimes they go all day without anything to eat, except as they go out and find old palm nuts, a little cassada among the grass and bushes, or some *leaves*, etc., to satisfy their hunger. Yet they bear all these things very patiently and cheerfully.

Oh! if the Sabbath school children in America could only *know* how these children get along, they would most cheerfully deny themselves to send them help.

Palm cabbage, which is very hard to obtain, has kept them from actual starvation. The men who procure it are often gone till night, while the little ones go *all day* without any food, waiting with great patience, cheerfulness, and submission. And when, at night, the canoe comes with the cabbage, they run

to the wharf, and haste to bring it to the house, cook and eat it with great joy.

Oh! could you see them and *count their bones*—could you see them as they wander in search of nuts, leaves, and roots—could you see them as they come to me and beg for bread, while I am unable to supply their wants—could you see them as they catch insects and eat them, and eagerly devour what your dogs would refuse—could you only *once see* what I am obliged every day to see, I *know* your hands and hearts would be speedily opened wide to send us succor.

They are a very interesting company of children, and will compare with an equal number in any country, black or white. About twenty of them are already reading in the Testament, and the others are fast learning. They all talk English more or less distinctly, for the English only, is taught in the school.

They love the missionary very much. When I came, they all crowded around to get hold of my hand, and their little hands stuck up so thick that I could take *two* or

three of them at a time, in one of mine. They ran before and behind me—they hung on my arms, and on my clothes, and looking up in my face with intensity would say, with rapturous delight, “Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!” They could not express their joy to see me come.

They felt, as perhaps *you* have felt, when your father has been absent a long time, and just come home! How delighted you were! How you ran, and jumped, and shouted, and could not sufficiently manifest your delight!

When Mr. Carter died, they wept very much, long and loud, and gathered around me as children around a mother. Oh! how much they need a mother for them, but we have no white women here.

They love the children in America, who send them clothes, and teachers, and books, and they pray for them. They need clothes very much.

When I came they had been eight months without a missionary, and their clothing was nearly gone. I brought but little, and that was soon used up, and many of them have

only *one shirt*, (they have no other clothes,) and some have none! They come to me and say, "Daddy, I got no shirt," but I cannot supply them, until help comes from America.

But I *have* made *one shirt*! A little sick boy, named DAVID NELSON, had no shirt, and I had none for him. My heart pitied him so much that I went into my room, got my scissors, needle, and thread, and a *pillow-case*, and sat down to make him a shirt! How do you suppose I could make a shirt out of a pillow-case? Well, now get a pillow-case and see, while I tell you. You see it is like a bag, well, I cut a hole in the *bottom*, large enough to let his head through, then ripped the two *corners* sufficiently for his arms to come out, and sewed on two little sleeves, and I had a *shirt* made!! And little David was very much pleased with his pillow-case shirt, and you will all say that it was better than nothing. If we had some one here to teach them to make shirts, it would be well, and they would gladly learn.

Oh! how my heart pities them! But what can I do? Unless the people and children

of America will send me money, I cannot get food for them. They have precious souls, and the Savior died for them as well as for you. They have never enjoyed the privileges you have, but they are learning about Jesus and the way to Heaven, and I expect they will soon all love and serve the Savior.

Now I know you will pity these poor children, and pray for them, but are you willing to try and *do* something for them? If you were in their condition what would you wish others to do for you?

Shall I tell you *how* you can help us here? *First.* You should, each one, give your own heart to Christ, so that you can *pray* for us—we need your prayers, and God will hear the prayers only, of those who love Him. *Second.* You can think and talk together about the heathen, until your souls are filled with zeal to send them the Gospel. *Third.* Try and enlist the feelings and energies of *others* with you. *Fourth.* Deny yourself, and save all you can, and give to send the Gospel to the heathen. Let those who can, give money,

and others get some new cotton cloth, or cheap calico, and the girls make it up into dresses, and under dresses, loose dresses, etc., for girls, from eight to sixteen years old; and *long shirts*, loose and large, for boys, from seven to eighteen years old. And plain pants for the same ages, made of some cheap, strong cloth. *Coats, vests, collars, stockings, etc., they don't use much.* Shirts and pants for *men*, made of good strong cloth, will also be very acceptable, in paying workmen, buying rice, and other things we constantly need. Also, some large, loose dresses for *women*. But your mothers can describe to you, better than I can, what kind of clothing is needed in a country where there is *no winter*, for children and adults.

It is now a trying time with us. The Lord only can supply our wants. The country is very fruitful, if the people would cultivate their lands; but there has been so much war the land is mostly left to weeds and grass. Our own farm (forty or fifty acres,) has not been planted, because the war people have troubled the place so much. We have not

been troubled by them since I came, though a number of war boats have been here.

P. S. When you make things, sew your name, on a piece of paper, to the garment, and the place where you live. Now children, I must stop, for I am not well. Will you live to do good, and be missionaries?

A GLIMPSE AT THE WAR.

In the preceding letter I have frequently referred to the war, as troubling us much; doubtless you wish to know more about this, and I will say a few words respecting it.

There are wicked men here, as in all other countries, and they love to do wickedly. One king collects his warriors, and sends them to destroy the town of another king. They go and burn the town, kill many, and take all the prisoners they can, with whatever plunder they can obtain. (The prisoners are either killed, or preserved to be sold as slaves.) Then some other king will come on him, and burn his town, take prisoners, etc. A number of kings often join against a number of others, and thus the whole country gets drawn

into the war, which often continues for years. The people are all afraid, and live in constant dread, lest they shall be suddenly surprised by some war company. Thus they neglect their lands, afraid to be out working on their farms, but little is raised, famine prevails, and the people suffer very much. Some will steal whatever they can find to preserve life, and many have starved to death.

Such a state of things has prevailed in this country for a number of years, and *still exists!* Oh! the misery and anguish, desolation and woe, that have swept over this beautiful country! Within one mile of the mission four or five towns have been all destroyed; within twenty-five miles, I can count up nearly *one hundred* towns that have been burned in the wars! How many have been killed! How many made slaves for life! How many made widows, fatherless, and orphans! How many wandering in the woods without any home!

From what has been said you will get some idea of our trying situation, and know better how to pray for us.

But you will rejoice, and praise the Lord with me, when I tell you that in the midst of such desolations, the mission has been preserved! God has been round about it as a "Pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night," so that none of our children have been taken away and destroyed by the enemy. They have *suffered* much, as I have before said, in *consequence* of the war, from the famine caused thereby, but none have starved to death. In one way and another the Lord has provided, so that the school yet goes on.

A few days ago, a war party came suddenly on a town up the river, and burned it, killed many and took the *king*, a man about seventy years old. They passed rapidly from place to place, and burned some four towns, and returned with much spoil. The old king's name is KARMOKOO. He is now a prisoner and a *slave* among his enemies. He has always been kind to the mission, and I think the Lord will deliver and return him to us again.

Many of the people came here for protec-

tion. Canoe load after canoe load arrived, having barely escaped with their lives, some begging for clothes, others for food, and others for protection. I rejoiced to be able to render them assistance.

A trader, who is friendly to us, was there trading, he lost his canoe and all his goods, had to jump into the river and swim, and had a narrow escape. I gave him clothes, and let him stay till the storm was over, Others came with marks of the cutlass on their limbs. Multitudes ran and hid in the thick woods, till the enemy went back—and now they will build their towns again.

AN ACCOUNT OF MY SICKNESS.

After Mr. Carter's death, I labored alone until I was taken sick. *Sick!* Oh! how much this word means, when applied to a lone missionary, among the heathen, far from home, no physician, no father or mother, brother or sister, to speak to him, no kind friend to administer to his wants, not one who can sympathise with, or speak encouraging, comforting words, to him! Ah!

children, I cannot make you fully understand it.

I was taken sick—fever prostrated my strength, deprived me of my reason, and brought me near to death. For nearly three weeks I was insensible, and for three months was confined to my bed by very large *sores*, which broke out during my fever. They were very painful, but Jesus supported me and made my heart rejoice.

In my sickness I lost my sight also, but God graciously restored this to me again. Though I had no friends by me—no white person within one hundred and fifty miles—yet the natives felt deeply for me, and did all they could for my comfort.

Perhaps you will like to read a description of my sickness as given by my native teacher. I will give it in his words, although the language is very broken yet I think you will get his meaning, and then it will seem more as if you were hearing *him* talk.

He says, "All the people and children, all around and in the mission town, filled the mission house, all with wondering about Mr.

Thompson's sickness, saying, 'What is this?' Mr. Carter died, and this one white man left, and now sick and ready to die'!***** Many a time he get disordered in the mind, many a time get fainted, and many a time we bathe him in the tub of cold water, more than six times a day. And sometime, in September, break out large sores on his back, across, eight inches long. This we tried (to heal) all we could, till God was the help of all. And I cannot tell you all, how much trouble we had with him, and how much care we have taken with him. Sometimes men, children, and all the country people, will give him up, and all will say, 'He cannot live again,' but faith in God, and love for the mission and missionaries, and patience, strengthened me to try all I could, and with prayer. God, for His goodness, and for His great cause's sake, answered our feeble prayer, he is now getting better, and I trust, by the grace of God, will soon get over all."

During my sickness many came from around the country to see how the white man did. There was but little done at the

mission but caring for me ; for all were afraid I would die, and they would again be left without a teacher. But God heard prayer, and raised me up to labor yet more in His vineyard, and His shall be all the praise.

FORMATION OF A CHURCH.

Doubtless you will wish to know whether the children for whom I am laboring, and you are praying, are *benefited*, whether they receive instruction.

When I came none of them professed to love Jesus. They seemed interested in their day and Sabbath-schools, and loved to learn, but were not converted.

When I had been here about five or six months, many of the children of the school inquired what they must do to be saved. They felt that they were *sinner*s, and needed pardon from Jesus Christ. They wept, they confessed their sins, they asked us to pray for them, they prayed, and professed to give up their hearts to God, with a determination to live, henceforth, for Him. They were

very childlike, and loved to be instructed. They prayed alone, and in meeting, and with each other, and with the heathen. Those who could read studied their Bibles, and all seemed desirous to know all their duty, and to *do* it. Some of the men and women, too, professed to give their hearts to Christ, and expressed a desire to live for Him.

When I was able to preach to them, or attend their various classes, they were glad; and when I could not get out of my room, they would come to my room to talk about the salvation of their souls, and to pray.

When I saw so many who professed to serve the Lord, and were trying to do what was right, I felt that it was important they should be formed into a *church*, and accordingly I organized a small church, at first of only four members beside myself. The next month ten more were added, and in a month or two more, twelve others united—perhaps more than half of them are children of the school.

Their ideas of right and wrong, of propriety and inconsistency, (until instructed,) are very

imperfect. But when I see them trying to do right, glad and eager to know their duty to God and to one another; ready to confess when they do wrong, and seemingly anxious to do *good*, this is encouraging. Such a spirit I see here.

From time to time members were added, of men, women, and children, so that the church numbered forty, when I was obliged to go home for a season. Besides these, four or five had been excommunicated for unchristian lives.

We had meeting on the Sabbath, and every evening, in which all were accustomed to take a part, old and young, male and female, and to be in those meetings was truly blessed, and greatly refreshed my soul and body.

SPECIMEN OF THEIR PRAYER.

Would you like to know something of the way some of the children prayed, when feeling a sense of sin and unworthiness? They would say, "Oh God! me been very wicked boy, me been curse boy, me been lie boy, me been thief boy, me been hate boy, me.

been vex boy, me do many wicked things; but me sorry for all dis, me no want to do so any more, me done leave all dis bad, me want to serve thee. Devil-heart no good. Oh God! come take away devil-heart, and give me good heart, heart for love thee, for love my enemy, for love every body; give me soft heart; heart for love pray, for hate bad, and help me to "serve thee, *true, true*. Oh God! me no ask dis for my sake, me no come in my own name, me no fit any thing before thee, (not *worthy* of any thing,) me come in de name of Jesus Christ, and me ask all dis only for the sake of Him who *died* on the cross for us. Amen."

In my preaching, I sometimes referred to the death of the missionaries, and told them that they had given up their lives for *their* sakes, to do them good; and reminded them especially of the death of Jesus Christ for them, and in view of all, urged on them the importance of loving and serving God.

One little boy, in his prayer, would frequently say, as the thought of what others had done for him pressed on his mind, "Oh

Lord ! me want to go and see brother Garnick, me want to go see brother Raymond, me want to go see brother Carter, *me want to go and see Jesus Christ,*" etc. It was very affecting to hear him.

By and by, I will tell you about some of the other boys, hoping that all who read this book, love to pray, and are trying to serve the Savior, that the heathen may not rise to condemn them.

LETTER SECOND.

DEAR CHILDREN : I thought, and prayed, and talked about the poor, oppressed, despised, and suffering inhabitants of Africa, many years before God permitted me to come to them ; but I have now been here more than a year.

I have often thought of writing to you, but have been sick a part of the time, and have had so much to do, all alone, that I have not been able to do it.

Now I have commenced, I may write but

little, for I have calls on my time, patience, judgment, and wisdom, from every quarter. You can not realize how much there is to do; but I will try and say a little. A thousand things rush into my mind, all at once, saying, "Tell me first," another, "No, speak of me first," and so on; but I will begin by giving you a *general* description of Africa—the land where I dwell—the land from which they steal so many slaves—the despised of all lands.

It is one of the "grand divisions of the earth." It lies between latitudes thirty-six north and thirty-four south, between the longitudes fifty-one east and nineteen west. Get your maps and look. It is about five thousand miles from north to south, and four thousand five hundred from east to west; it is about five and a half times larger than the United States, containing eleven million square miles.

The number of its inhabitants is not known, many have *guessed* at it, but nobody can tell, because of the difficulty of exploring the country, and of ascertaining the number of

the people. And if they *could* travel over the country, they could not find out, without going to every hut and farm, for I think no chief can tell how many people he has around him. But I can *guess*, and I guess two hundred millions. Some guess one hundred and fifty millions, some one hundred millions, and some ninety millions. But the more you read you will see that the *later* travelers, and geographies, guess *more and more* all the time; so we can not tell certainly, for it is *all* guess work.

But we *know* that there are very many people here who have souls, and who need to be told of Jesus' love.

Africa has a great variety of *climate*. In the north and south they have plenty of cold weather, as well as warm. In the middle portions there is *no* cold weather, that is, what you call cold, but Africans call it cold in the rainy season, though there is no frost. If you will look on your map, you will see that it includes the "Torrid Zone," which means the *burning* circle; but yet it is not so hot as most people suppose, for I am now

wearing a thick flannel shirt, under a cotton one, and woollen pantaloons, and socks.

In the day time, when the sun shines bright, if there is no wind, it is pretty hot, though it never gets so hot as it does in the United States, where you live. And then the Lord make a nice wind to blow, most of the time, which is cool and fine. The nights are always pleasant and comfortable. Towards evening it is delightful to be out, and towards morning it is cool.

Africa has lofty mountains, and extended deserts. The deserts are very hot, and dry, the mountains cool, and growing cooler as you ascend, until you come to their tops, covered with snow. But in no part of the Torrid Zone does it *freeze*, nor is there *frost*, except on the elevated parts of the mountains. So you can see that the coolness, or heat, depends much on the *situation*.

Africa is *generally* covered with heavy forests, except where it has been cleared up for cultivation. There are also some beautiful prairies, or lowlands and uplands, which furnish constant pasturage for the numerous

herds of wild animals, while the thick, dense forests furnish a shelter.

But I must close this letter. In my next, I will tell a little about the soil, productions, etc.

L E T T E R T H I R D .

I PROMISED to speak of the soil, etc. As I have not been all over the country, of course, I can not tell *all* about it; but I have traveled some, and heard some, and read some, and will tell you what I know.

Though the composition is various, a general feature of the soil of Africa is *great fertility*—the lower portions generally a mixture of darkish loam and sand; the higher portions gravelly. In its *wild* state the land is covered, either with an almost impenetrable “*bush*,” (the African term for woods, forests) or grass, which speaks defiance to a traveler. No one who has not seen an African bush can form any idea of its weight, size, density and impenetrableness.

Besides a forest of *trees*, from one foot up

to thirty feet in diameter, a complete jungle of underbrush and vines, thorns and grass, fill up beneath, so that it is impossible to walk, or press your way through it, till a road is cut.

The prairies are partly covered with grass, as thick as it can stand, from one fourth of an inch, to an inch in diameter; and from twelve to twenty feet high, other portions supply fine pasture, all the year.

Many may think that I *exaggerate*, but I *have seen* and walked through such grass, for miles, or rather I had to walk *on* it, for to make a path it had to be broken, or bent down; and I have cut it down, and dragged it home, and measured it with a rule, so that I do not "*guess*" now. And I, myself, with my own arms, measured a tree one hundred and eight feet in circumference, six feet from the ground. And some are larger than that. So you may know it must be a very rich, strong soil to produce such trees and such grass.

When things are planted, it keeps a man busy, indeed, to keep the grass down till the

seeds can germinate; and when vegetables *get* a little root they seem to almost jump up. It is amazing to see with what rapidity every thing grows in the rainy season.

In some places it is very rocky, yet productive, as on the sides of mountains; in other places it is sandy, yet sufficiently mixed with loam to make it very fertile; in other places a mixture of sand and clay, which is not so good, yet people live by its cultivation; in others it is low and muddy, and not suitable for tilling.

In the northern part of Africa is the Great Desert, which is mainly light, dry sand, so that nothing grows for thousands of miles, except in here and there small fertile spots—about springs—like islands in the sea. This desert is nearly three thousand miles long, and one thousand wide, and forms an exception to my general statement. The sand on it is so light that it blows and drifts like *snow*, and rolls like the waves of the sea, sometimes covering up whole multitudes of people and animals, who are traveling across it. And a sea captain told me that when he was on the ocean, one hundred and fifty miles

from the desert, this sand so filled the air, as to inflame the eyes, and settle on the sail like dust in dusty weather.*

*Dr. TRAILL, of England, says, "On the morning of the 19th of January, 1826, when the *Clyde* (a vessel) was on her voyage to London, in latitude $10^{\circ} 40' N.$, and longitude $27^{\circ} 41' W.$, her rigging was observed to be covered with an impalpable (*very fine*,) powder of a brownish color, and on unfurling the sails at 2 o'clock, P. M., to catch the breeze, they emitted clouds of *dust*, which had lodged in them during a strong gale from E. and N. E. In this case the nearest land in that direction was about seven hundred miles distant.

Again, a Mr. BRUCE describes a storm on the desert. "The loose sand is transported into the air in such dense clouds as to intercept the piercing rays of even an African sun, whilst at other times it is raised into massive and gigantic moving columns. Wo! to the traveler that encounters this terrific phenomenon! How sublime, but at the same time how fearful the sight, to behold, on every side, enormous pillars of sand, moving with impetuous violence over the unmeasured waste, their tops reaching to the clouds, and their base sometimes unsupported save by the attenuated (expanded) air!"

Of course it can not be expected that *such* a soil will be fertile.

THE PRODUCTIONS.

The vegetables and grains of cold climates do no not grow well here. Irish potatoes come up, but I have never got them to yield much. (I am told they have been raised in Sierra Leone.) Foreign onions do not prosper, nor cabbage, carrots, parsnips, turnips, common garden beans, melons, etc., though perhaps they may, by care, be so acclimated as to do well. (In the interior highlands, Mr. Brooks has succeeded well in raising them.) We shall keep *trying*. But we have a good variety, common to Africa.

Indian corn, sweet potatoes, superior pumpkins, or squash, pea-nuts, ginger, pepper, arrow-root, castor oil bean, opium, indigo, bread fruit, cassada, (a vegetable root,) yams, of three kinds; coco, of three kinds; (a vegetable something like the potato,) tomatoes, and various other things I can not now name, grow abundantly, and without much culture, except to keep the grass down. We also have fine beans, cucumbers, onions, egg-plant, oca, kola, etc.; many things of which

I can not think, and others which I have not seen.

Then our FRUITS are oranges, pine apples, lemons, limes, plantains, bananas, paw-paws, guava, monkey apple, sour sop, sweet sop, ground cherry, (a berry resembling the red cherry,) sour plumbs, sugar plumbs, figs, etc.

To describe all these things, so that you can understand how they look, or taste, I can not, any more than I can tell an African how apples, pears, peaches, etc., taste.

In my next, I will speak of the *Rice*.

LETTER FOURTH.

THE RICE.

There are various kinds of rice—some kinds growing *quicker* than others—one white and another copper color. The different kinds grow at different seasons of the year. It is not *overflown* as in some countries, but is cultivated about the same as wheat, in

America, either on low lands, by the side of rivers, or on the prairie, or mountain side. When one kind is ready to cut, they will just be planting another. And again, when it is harvest time in one part of the country, it is only planting time in another. Here, the people are now planting rice ; the rice of others is nearly ready to cut ; of others, midway, and so on ; while, in distant parts of the country, much of their rice is already cut, and plenty to be bought, if we had goods to pay for it.

In this diversity we see the goodness of the Lord. Rice is a principal article of food, and, by a little care, it can be had all through the year. Grain and vegetables will not keep here, a long time, as in America. The corn is often destroyed by worms and bugs ; the rice, by bug-a-bugs and weevils ; and potatoes, yams, etc., soon spoil after being dug.

But though they will not keep long, with proper care we can have *new* crops continually coming in for use, and thus our wants

are supplied. God adapts His mercies to our wants.

To plant the rice, (and other things,) they have neither oxen, ploughs, nor harrows; but all the ground has to be dug up with a little hoe about two and sometimes three inches wide. They clear the ground, they sow the rice, and *hoe it in*. A family will plant in this way from two to fifty acres. While it is growing they have to watch it to keep the *birds* out, and for this purpose they build a little hut in the field, and some one stays there to keep them away.

When ripe they cut it with a knife, tie it in bundles, and dry it, then beat it out with a stick, on the ground. After it is threshed the kernel is covered with a husk, hard to get off, so that a man can clean only about one bushel a day! They first boil it slightly in a large pot, next dry it in the sun, then put it in a large wooden mortar, and beat it with the end of a stick, till all the husks come off.

This is hard, slow work, but in this way, the poor Africans in some places raise and

beat so much that traders can go and buy many thousands of bushels, for a few beads, or tobacco, or cloth, or salt, or iron, etc. They get it, perhaps, for thirty or forty cents a bushel, and sell for \$1 50. Rice is the great article of food. They boil it and eat with palm oil, or "pulaver sauce," (a kind of gravy they make,) frequently with fish, pouring the broth on the rice; and oftentimes without any thing. They also beat it into very fine flour, and make cakes of various kinds, which I like much.

It is difficult to get rice now, on account of the war, which has so long destroyed the country. We have to go far off, in canoes, and perhaps be gone two, three and four weeks. Sometimes they bring it here on their heads, or in canoes, but all around here their rice farms are small—in other places they raise a plenty.

The traders from Sierra Leone, go in their large canoes, far into the interior, and buy much to take to Freetown, to sell to the people there, where they can not well raise rice.

If the rice crop fails, the country is all troubled, the same as if the wheat crop in America should be cut off. But the soil is so rich if the people will leave war, and work only a part of their time, they can raise a plenty of rice, and other things to eat. The seasons are regular, so that if they will improve them, they may, with the blessings of God, always have plenty, without working very hard, *even with their little hoes*. In my next the Palm tree.

LETTER FIFTH.

THE PALM TREE.

IN all this part of Africa the Palm tree abounds. It is a wonderful, beautiful, and useful tree. In Ps. 92, 12 it is said, "The righteous shall flourish like the Palm tree." The Palm tree multiplies fast, sheds blessings,

wealth, and comfort on all around, and long lives a monument of God's goodness to sinful man. Thus should all Christians be like it.

The Palm tree is useful in many ways, and so should all Christians be. "As we have opportunity let us do good to *all* men." "Ready to *every* good work."

The Palm tree is beautiful, majestic, ever-green, and such should all Christians be. "Living epistles, known and read of all men." As a "spring of water, whose waters fail not."

It is always *straight*; and Christians should have no *crooked* ways. "In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works."

When the Palm tree first comes up, (from the Palm nut,) it looks like a small flag leaf, or coarse grass; as it advances, it expands and assumes a form; when twelve or fifteen feet high it has a very rough, shaggy aspect; the large stumps of the broken leaves, projecting like horns on every side. As it grows taller, these disappear, and the body becomes more smooth, but it is always rough.

The tree never has any limbs. It grows from fifty to one hundred feet high. The body is generally nearly as large at the top as at the bottom, and frequently the top is the largest. The leaves at the top present a beautiful, graceful appearance. They are very strong, and from twelve to twenty feet long. The tree has no large roots, but the bottom is like a mighty *pestle*, in shape, set in a small, round, conical bank, filled with very small, short roots, none of them, perhaps, being more than one-fourth of an inch in diameter. It seems to stand by faith; yet the Palm tree is rarely blown over by all the tornadoes we have.

The Palm tree is a great source of wealth to the inhabitants. They call it their *money*. Palm oil is an article of export, in immense quantities. Large ships from England and America are laden with it, to take to their countries. Traders seek it more eagerly than any thing else.

At the top the tree bears a *nut*, growing in bunches as large as a man's head, and often as large as a peck measure. Each nut

is about as large as a good sized hickory nut, and is covered with a thin, red, oily skin, from which the oil is made. To get the nuts a man has to *walk up the tree*, and with a small axe cut off the bunches, which fall to the ground. "Walk up a tree! That sounds strange!" Yes, but look at the *picture*, at the beginning of this letter, and you will see how it is. The man has an oblong *hoop* around the tree, and around his back. He puts his feet against the tree, bracing his back in the hoop, and steadies himself by holding on the hoop with his hands. In this position he suddenly throws his body forward at the same instant throws up the hoop on the tree as far as he can well reach, and then bracing himself, takes two steps upward; then throws up his hoop again, and takes two more steps, and so on and on, till they get to the top. In this way a man will walk up a tree one hundred feet high, without a limb, nearly as quick as a lame man could walk the same distance on the ground. It is a great curiosity to see them. But in this way all the nuts have to be obtained, from which

thousands of puncheons of oil are yearly made.

In this way also they get the *Palm wine*, by taking a bottle up the tree, and tying it to a *tap*, so that the wine runs into it.

To make the oil, they first get the nuts out of the large bunch, then put them in a large wooden mortar, and beat them till the skin is all mashed and bruised, then put them in a large pot of boiling water, and skim off the oil as it rises. This is the more common way. Some, after the nuts are bruised, as above, place them in a canoe, with one end elevated and standing in the sun, which causes the oil to run to the lower end of the canoe. Possibly, they may have other modes in different parts of the country.

After this red skin is all off, then by *cracking* the nut they get the *meat*, from which again they make "*nut oil*," which is of a darkish color, and much thicker—nearly as thick as lard. This is much the best for cooking purposes.

With the Palm leaf they can cover houses, make baskets, twine, ropes, hats, fishing

nets, and hampers. They also put it to many other uses which I can not now recall to mind. They twist twine from the fibres, with their fingers, very evenly, and with astonishing rapidity.

I do not know of any use ever made of the *body* of the tree. In my next, the Palm cabbage.

LETTER SIXTH.

THE PALM CABBAGE.

THIS is a wonderful provision for the wants of the poor and starving. It is the germ of new leaves, or the *head* of the Palm tree, and lies within the base of the leaves at the top of the tree. When the tree is cut down, they cut and pull off the various layers, till they come to the cabbage. To get it requires much hard work; but when obtained it is very good. I am quite fond of it, and often send and get or buy one. We eat it with vinegar and pepper—or, if we have no vine-

gar, we express some lime juice on it, which is as sour as a lemon.

The cabbage is in the shape of a great *maul*. Some heads are as large as a peck measure, and some even larger, but the more common size is from a half peck to a peck measure. Portions of it are very tender and fine, like the most tender cabbage, and when boiled, cuts nearly like a hard custard.

In times of war, the cabbage, (with other wild edibles,) is a very principal means of supporting life. Some of the natives, who are too lazy to work, and raise rice, potatoes, etc., live much on cabbage. This alone kept Mr. Raymond and the children of the mission from *starving*, when Mr. R. could not get food. And after Mr. R.'s death they had to depend very much on this. To get it we send five or six boys (young men) in a canoe, with axes, who go a long distance where it is more plentiful and cut it. After being gone all day they come with twelve or fifteen cabbages, which make a scanty meal for all the hungry children, who have been fasting all

day. Perhaps they do not get back till after dark, and then all have to be cooked and eaten before they can go to bed. Such was the case when I first came. But, the Lord be praised, we have not been quite driven to that since a few of the first months. When the people are driven to eat cabbage, they soon destroy the Palm trees, for every one kills a tree. In many places they make laws against cutting the Palm tree, for, they say, "It is our money"—*i. e.*, they get money by the oil obtained from it. Therefore, when people want cabbage they generally go far off, where nobody lives. After I came the king came to me and wanted me to *pay* for some cabbages the boys once cut on his land, before I came, but I talked to him, and he became ashamed and dropped it.

From the Palm tree they also draw *Palm wine*, which, when first drawn, is similar to sweet cider, but it soon ferments, and then it will make people drunk. The Africans drink it much, and make themselves as complete *slaves* to it, as the drunkard in America

does to his rum. It is obtained by *tapping* the top of the tree, as we tap the bottom of the sugar maple tree in America.

The wine, by being sweetened with honey, after standing a while, makes excellent vinegar. It is much used in Sierra Leone, by those who make *bread*, (for Africans do not make much bread,) for raising cakes, biscuit, and bread—for, by putting some saleratus or soda in, it makes a very good yeast, or "*rising*."

Then there is the *Bamboo wine*, drawn from the tree of that name, which is much better than the Palm wine. The Bamboo is a very useful tree. All our houses are covered with the leaf, which much resemble the Palm leaf, only it is much longer. Many things are made from it, baskets, matts, etc. It is much used in building. But I can not describe it so that you can get an idea how it looks. The Palm and Bamboo trees are, as it were, the staff of this part of Africa. I know not how they would get along without them.

LETTER SEVENTH.

MY SCHOOL.

MY CHILDREN: In my last I told you about the Palm cabbage, Palm wine, and Bamboo wine; but now, before I say any more about natural objects, peculiar to the Torrid Zone, I wish to give your thoughts a little different turn, by telling you something about my *school*, and the children connected with it. I know you will be all glad to learn any thing about those heathen children, for whom you have prayed so much, and to send the Gospel to whom, you have given your cents and sixpences.

One little girl in O—— gave me ten cents to buy a *Testament* for them. I bought one in New York and gave it to a little boy here, who loves Jesus, and loves his Testament very much. That little girl will rejoice now, that she denied herself that *butter*, in order to get the money. And that other little girl who gave me a dollar, to send the Gospel to this place, which her father gave her to

buy a *doll* with, will be very glad when she hears how many of the children here love the Savior, and pray for the children in America.

And so, many, many of you, who have denied yourselves to send the Bible to Africa, will thank the Lord that so many have already obeyed the Savior, and now try to please Him. *Continue* to pray, and give, and work, and deny yourselves, and Jesus will bless you abundantly.

We have here seventy children. Most of them read in easy reading, and many come to me for little books to read, which I love to give them. Many read the Bible with ease and correctness. Twelve or eighteen are ciphering, and many are learning the "tables." Nearly all are learning to write, and some now write *well*. They sing every day, and learn many very pretty hymns and tunes. They learn them very quick. I love to hear them sing, when all the school unite. It is delightful.

The girls can sew some, and would be glad to learn more, but there is no woman to

teach them. They wash for all the boys, do their own work, etc.

The boys work four hours a day—in the morning from 7 to 9 o'clock, and in the afternoon from 3 to 5 o'clock. From 10 to 12 and from 1 to 3 o'clock they are in school. The rest of the time they have to play, fish, swim, or work their own farms, and raise something to give to the mission; for many of them have little farms, (a place where any thing is raised is called a *farm*, whether large or small,) they have farms of sweet potatoes, coco, cassada, peanuts, etc.

I think many of these little children, who were *heathen* a little while ago, now love the Savior. They pray and talk, and seem to love each other, and try to do good. Many of them belong to the church, and others give evidence of conversion. They all meet every day, to sing, talk, and pray to God. Many of them love to work, and deny themselves, to help send the Gospel to other heathen.

Some of them have given me fifty cents' worth of potatoes, others forty, others twenty

cents' worth, and some of the *little* boys (and girls too) have brought their ten, and five, and three, and one cents' worth, which they have raised by their own care and labor. It is *delightful* to see them coming with their basket of potatoes, or coco, etc., one after another, saying, "We want to help the mission, we want to help the mission."

When they have nothing to give, or have given all their crop, they frequently come on Saturday, (which they have to themselves, there being no school,) and say "we want to work for the mission to-day." They have no *money*. We do not use it here—only goods, produce, and work. Last night, at the monthly concert, (our second one,) they gave almost three dollars worth, and during the month it will probably increase to nearly double this amount, "to help the mission, that it may send many laborers far into the interior." It is only a few weeks since I mentioned this subject of giving, to them, and the way they have taken hold of it has encouraged me very much.

This evening one of the boys brought me

a "*bar*" of potatoes, as a gift. A "*bar*" is the *value* of a half dollar. My potato bar is a bushel; my cassada bar, three bushels; my rice bar, half a bushel. But you can see that the size of the "*bar*" will depend on the high or low price of things.

I love these children much. While I am writing I can see them digging potatoes to give to the mission. Pray much for them, and for me, that I may instruct them aright. Farewell for the present.

DESCRIPTION OF A JOURNEY.

Not long since I made a tour, in my canoe, and was gone four days. Thinking you would like to know what I saw, I will begin this chapter with a description of what may be interesting to you.

Leading from Little to Big Boom is a small creek, which connects them in the rainy season, but during the dry season it does not extend all the way. Up this creek I went in my canoe, paddled by six men, and one to steer. As the creek runs through the woods

much of the way, it was filled with logs and brush, which made it very difficult for us to get along. We often had to cut the logs, get into the water and lift and tug, to get the canoe along.

On the banks of this stream once stood twenty towns—but *all* had been destroyed by the war. Some of them were again building, and people living in them; they were glad to see us. Many of them never saw a white man before, and they acted very strangely; some were afraid of me, and would not come nigh me!

At some of the old towns we found plenty of *orange* trees, as large as your apple trees, hanging full of oranges, and, as no one lived there, we picked as many as we wanted to eat.

We also saw numerous large vultures, hawks, eagles, etc., and a great many *monkeys*, leaping, and jumping, and squalling, and chasing one another from tree to tree, and limb to limb. I love to see them playing thus—they look so cunning and happy.

We were upwards of a day and a half get

ting through to the Big Boom river, to which we came in the beginning of evening. We crossed it to a town where we could stay all night. The people were engaged in singing, drumming, and dancing; for in this way the Africans spend much of their time, after dark, till near midnight. Do you ask *why* they waste their time so? Because they have never been taught better. They are ignorant, have no books to occupy themselves with, no work to do after night-fall, no meetings to attend, no candles to illumine their dwellings, etc. How different their condition from yours! Forget not, dear children, who has made you to differ, and thank Him, by *living* for Him, and striving to give your blessings to others.

Well, when it was known that a *white man* had come to their town, they soon gathered around to see me, for there had never been a white person to their town before, and I was a great curiosity. They filled the house, assigned to me and my company, and crowded around the door to get a glimpse of me. I am sure you would laugh to see the many

curious motions they made ; though probably they were not stranger than *you* would make, if you had never seen a black man, and should suddenly see one come among you.

Though I was very tired, I felt that I must tell them of Jesus, before I went to sleep. As soon as they heard that the white man wished to talk "*God-palaver*" to them, they all came to hear, and were very attentive while I preached. My interpreter prayed in the Mendi language, and while he prayed all the natives bowed upon their knees, with their faces to the ground, and were very orderly.

When I was done, one man, who had been listening attentively, asked aloud, "What is *sin*? You spoke of adultery, murder, theft, etc., as sin. I never did any of those things." I then explained *heart sins*, more minutely, such as all are guilty of before God.

To test their desire to hear the word of God, I asked the company, "If one man should come to you with a large canoe full

of goods and fine things, to give to you all as presents, and another should come to you, without money, to preach the *word of God* to you, which would you like best to have come?" They answered immediately, "*We like best for the man to tell us about God.*"

They thanked me much for the word, and wished me to come again. The head man said he would talk the same word to his people. We then ate supper and lay down, some on the ground, and some on mats, to sleep.

In the morning, after breakfast, we started. As I bade them all good bye, in the Mendi *moo-gen-dah-ha*, they were much pleased, and laughed, and clapped their hands.

Big Boom river is a majestic stream, wider than the Ohio, with a rapid current. It is open generally, having but a very few small islands, till near the sea, when it is full of large and small ones, having many large and small towns upon its banks. It is full of large fish, crocodiles, hippopotamie, etc.

Its banks are clouded with immense flocks of parrots, crows, hawks, eagles, pelicans, cranes, and many other birds that live on fish. There are many large cotton trees along the river, which are black and spotted with these birds, and their nests, and many of the birds are so tame they will not leave a tree for the report of a gun. Some of them are very large, large enough to carry a little boy.

In one town where we stopped we saw three of our school children, who were visiting their parents a few days. They seemed glad to see me, and in the morning when we were singing and praying they ran in, and one of them prayed, in English, of his own accord. He was quite young and I was pleased to hear him.

The country along Big Boom is fine, the upper portions high, rolling, hilly—the lower portions, towards the sea, beautiful, level prairies, which are covered with the thick, heavy grass I have before described. It is an excellent *rice* country, which article is extensively cultivated.

I returned to the mission in safety, and found all the children eager to receive me, with outstretched arms and sparkling eyes.

LETTER EIGHTH.

INSECTS.

IN this letter I wish to tell you about some of our insects, and I write on this subject now, because lately I was well nigh driven out of my room by the "*drivers*," and thus the subject is fresh in my mind.

Many ask, "*drivers*, what can they be? Slave drivers? cattle drivers? hog drivers?" No none of these. They are very small. They are black *ants*, from a quarter to three-quarters of an inch long. Do I hear some little boy or girl say, "Well! such little things can't drive *me*. I can drive and kill the whole of them." Hold! hold! little one, no doubt you think you can do some great things, but I think that these little drivers would *drive you*. If there was only

one, you could easily kill it, but they go in countless numbers, and are regular *warriors*. They make a trail in the ground, sometimes on the top, sometimes under, and where they come from or whither they go, I can not tell; but for days together they can be seen crossing a path in untold myriads, carrying their eggs, or some other substance, with them.

They remind me of a regular, well disciplined army; for while the myriads are thus busily employed, other countless numbers act as *guards* for them. All along their trail, the guards form lines on each side, and make a complete *arch*, standing and holding one upon the other; *beneath* this arched bulwark of living beings, the laborers go, more busily than any workmen you ever saw. The least disturbance will make every guard run and seek for the cause—with their pincer jaws extended, they will pursue even a man, and if they once get on a person they bite severely. As Africans say, “They are *no play* for biting.”

When *such* an army comes into a house, or

room, or bed, they are not to be despised. If you *kill* millions, millions more are constantly pouring in upon you. They are on the floor all about the room, on your legs, crawling up your back and arms, and each one trying the power of his pincers upon you! *Then* what would you do?

Such an army I found in my room, last night, just as I was getting into bed. They were all around, and under, and on my bed, and on me, before I knew what had come! I called for a *light*, when, what a sight! I called for help. The teacher, and some of the children came to my assistance; with fire and water we killed multitudes, but could not kill all—they kept coming and coming, till at length some sounded the alarm along the lines of a furious "*charge*" from the enemy, and they changed their course before morning; but I could not sleep much that night.

When the drivers thus come into a house they drive out the rats, roaches, and various insects that may be about. Sometimes, the first intimation I have of their coming into the house, I see the roaches all coming out

of their crevices, and running, and looking wildly about, as if much frightened.

They frequently come, in the night, into a goat or sheep pen, and attack them furiously. The poor animals jump about and bleat, as if in great distress; and if we would not get up and take them out, they would soon be killed. We have had to get up in the night thus to change our goats into another place.

BUG - A - BUGS .

The bug-a-bug is about one-quarter of an inch long, and like a clumsy white ant. They are called *white ants*. They are exceedingly frail and delicate, yet one of the most trou-

blesome insects of Western Africa. They destroy clothes, books, trunks, wash-tubs, barrels, houses, etc., by *eating* them. Scarcely any wood will withstand them. They enclose their way, and all their operations, in a *mud arch*, beneath which they work. They are very destructive in a granary of rice.

Their houses are often larger than many of the huts of the natives. They are in the shape of a cone, covered with many small conical spires—the whole frequently eight or ten feet high, and as wide across the base. The inside is all finished off into cells and cavities of various sizes, some of them large enough to contain a child, or even a *man*, sometimes.*

They work with great regularity and skill, bringing the small bits of clay, well tempered, in their mouths, and laying them down on the place they are building up. Their

*I was told by one that, in Central Africa, the natives frequently *dig out* these ant-hills and *live* inside of them, instead of building a house. How strange!

work is so *hard* when done, that it will stand the hardest storm, and requires an axe, or something strong, to beat it down.

I have sometimes interested myself for a long time, by standing and watching their movements, and have admired their industry, their order, and their mechanical skill in the great variety of their architecture. It is wonderful.

They pass through a number of stages, or *changes*, during their short life. The first stage seems to be the one described, when they are small and delicate. The next, finds them about half an inch long, more hard and clumsy, and not such workers. The next finds them with bodies about an inch long, and with wings. They fly about a few days, when they shed their wings and *die*, like the silk-worm in its winged state. While in this stage, with wings, the natives catch immense numbers, and eat them. There may be *other* peculiarities connected with them, which I yet know not.

Besides the drivers and bug-a-bugs, we have many other kinds of ants—one kind,

about one-eighth of an inch long, and *very* troublesome about getting into our food, and into every thing, even into a tumbler of pure water—another kind is found in the fields and bushes, a red ant, about a half-inch long, exceedingly fierce, and bite dreadfully—another kind is found in the fields and woods, about one inch long, black, and bite very hard—besides other varieties, I can not now describe.

In all tropical climates, there are a great many troublesome, destructive, and dangerous insects, such as are not found in colder countries. We have here flies, musketoes, and numerous weevils, etc., but I have never seen any *fleas* or *bed-bugs* in Africa. If there are any they must be in the sea-port towns, imported.

At some other time, perhaps, you may hear from me again on this subject. For the present, I must close.

LETTER NINTH.

F I S H .

WE have many kinds of animals and birds, about which I hope to tell you at some future time, but now a few words about our *fish*. I can not name half of them, for I do not know them myself.

The *porpoise* is of the whale kind, from three to six feet long, and large. They are sometimes called "hog-fish" or "sea-hog." They are very numerous, in salt water, in warm latitudes.

The *shark* is also very abundant. They grow large, and will kill a man very quick. In Freetown, not long since, some students were in swimming, and a shark came and took one's *leg* off in an instant, and the boy died. If a man falls into the sea there is great danger of the sharks killing him, for they swim around boats and ships, watching for every thing that falls into the water. There are not many seen so far up the river as we are.

The *crocodile* abounds in all our rivers, and grows very large. I have seen them from three to fifteen feet long, and as large around as a barrel. They are sometimes seen twenty or twenty-five feet long, and some have been killed which were so large that ten men could not move one! The large ones are able to carry off an ox with ease.

THE CROCODILE.

They sometimes catch people who are in the water. I have heard of a number of cases; and no one can go into the river without *risk* of being caught. One of the work-

men of the mission was caught and killed, and one of the boys had his ankle broken by one.

The natives sometimes kill and eat them.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The *hippopotamus*, or river horse, is found in the large rivers. I have seen them, and they are dreadful looking creatures—they have teeth as long as your arm. They live on land and in the water. Sometimes they are killed, but it is a very difficult thing.

The *barekoota* is a large fish, and very abundant in our rivers; it is noted for its agility in cutting fishermen's *hooks* from their lines. Their teeth are very sharp, and to

catch them *wire* is used on the lower end of the line, they trouble fishermen very much.

Of *catfish* we have three kinds. The "salt water" one, is exactly like the American catfish; the "fresh water" one is different. They are very abundant, and grow large. The *natives* catch many of them.

Of small and large fish, scaled and smooth, long and broad, bony and free from bones, eatable and not eatable, there are many varieties, and they constitute much of the living of the Africans. They catch them with hooks, baskets, nets, and other ways, and those they don't need for present use, they dry and smoke, so that they will keep long. Africans, who live on the rivers, do not seem to feel satisfied with a meal unless they have *fish*, or some *meat* in the place thereof.

The *electric* fish. This is more wonderful than any kind I have yet named. I *read* of such in my Latin and Greek books, but never saw one till I came to Africa. The people, here, call it "thunder and lightning fish," but I call it *electric*. Find out what electric means. The fish gives a complete *electric*

shock, when touched alive, similar to that given by an electric machine. I have tried it again and again, and the shock is complete. One can take a light or hard shock as he chooses, by squeezing the fish slightly or more firmly. If pressed *hard*, it will make a man of the strongest nerves (as I have seen) twitch and jerk as a powerful machine would. They are the greatest wonder of nature I have seen. They are caught with a hook and line. To get them off the hook the fisherman has to *kill* them with a large knife, or he can not hold on to them. I have seen the school-boys, when they had caught one, come by the house, with it hanging on the hook, to get a knife to kill it.

Those I have seen were about twelve or fourteen inches long, very thick in proportion. The flesh is similar to *fat pork*, and has but few bones in it.

I can not say whether the shock would be given to a *number*, by joining hands, as I have not seen it tried, but I *think* it would.

“The works of the Lord are *great*, sought out by all them who have pleasure therein.”

LETTER TENTH.

LETTER FROM AN AFRICAN BOY.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: Some time ago I told you that many children of my school were learning fast, that some loved God, and many other interesting things about them. One of these little boys, perhaps ten years old, has written a letter to his *father*, who lives distant from the mission. I send you a copy of this letter, that you may see how he feels. He wrote it while I was asleep, so you see I did not *help* him. When you read it, I hope you will all *pray* for us, that God will pour out His spirit upon us, so that *all* may turn to the Lord.

MENDI MISSION, *Aug.* 15, 1849.

DEAR FATHER: I feel myself very happy to send you this letter, because God commands us to love him with all our hearts. God is our *Father*. He made us. He is very good. He sent His Son to save us from

sin ; and father, that God is *very* good and kind. He keeps you all the time. He takes care of you. Now try to love Him.

“I feel my soul is very sorry for all you do. And now, father, I pray for you, that God may forgive you, for the sake of JESUS, the Son of God. And I always pray for the country people, that God may pity them and forgive them. And now, father, remember that God is *very good*. He has kept you when you were sick. Father, now remember, and *love* God with *all your heart, and soul, and strength*.

“Father, you know that we all, in this world, are *brethren*. And, father, you have sinned against the great God who made heaven and earth, and all things that are in them. Father, it is very *wicked* to sin against God. God has commanded us not to *sell* or *buy* one another. God has commanded us to have *one wife*. God is very good. He sent His Son, JESUS CHRIST, to die for us. Jesus was born in this world, suffered much, and *died* to save us. Father, *love* Him with all your heart. ABRAHAM TUCKER.”

Now, children, what do you think of this heathen boy's letter to his father? Is it not very good for the *first* one? I think he never wrote a letter before to any one. Can any of you, who have never written any letters, sit down and write one as good, to any of your friends? *Try*. Write one to me, and let me see if you can do as well as this little black boy. Come, *try* one, many of you. If some of you will write a letter to my *school children*, some of those who can write will write a letter to *you*. It will be very interesting to get a letter from a little African boy. Would it not please you?

The little boy who wrote the letter, which you have read, has just given me twenty-five cents for the mission; and another, not long ago, gave me sixty-two and a half cents for the same. You ask, "How did they get it?" I will tell you. Their mothers and sisters sent them *rice*, which they chose to give to the mission, rather than use it themselves! Was not this noble? They have no *money* here as in America, but in goods or produce they help with a cheerful heart.

LETTER ELEVENTH.

THE MAHOMETANS.

DEAR CHILDREN: While I think of it, I will tell you a little about the *Mahometans*. They are a very numerous people living in Africa. The northern part of Africa is mainly under their influence. There are thousands of them in *Sierra Leone*, an English colony, who are there as traders. Those that I see, are all of the *Mandingo* tribe. The country which this tribe inhabits is northeast of *Sierra Leone*, a few hundred miles, but they are scattered all over the country, for thousands of miles, as traders.

They all believe in MAHOMET. Do you ask who *Mahomet* is? I would tell you if I had time; but as soon as you read this letter ask your teachers or parents.

Mahometans have one book called the *Koran*, which they read more than Christians read their Bible, and follow its precepts much more closely and strictly. They read it every day, and commit much of it to

memory. It is not *printed*, for they do not know how to print—but they *write* it as the Jews used to do the Bible, and as our forefathers did, before the art of printing was known. The Koran is written in *Arabic*, which they generally learn and teach to their children. They write it nearly as neat as a printer could print it—but it is very slow and costs a great deal.

One chief showed me his table full of manuscript Koran and other books, saying, “All dat live in my head, every word.” I lent him a New Testament in Arabic. He read it through three or four times, and spoke well of it; he said, “Plenty of good palaver live dare about every thing.” Oh! if Christians would send me a supply of Arabic Testaments, how many would read them! They already understand and can read the language.

Mahometans believe in *God*, and say prayers five times a day, regularly, wherever they may be; but they learn to believe many superstitious and foolish things from the Koran. They say that *Mahomet* was the

first of God's creation. They confess four prophets, viz: Mahomet, Abraham, Moses and Jesus Christ, but say that Mahomet is the *greatest*, and that he "*begs for them*" before God. They trust in him as much as Christians do in Jesus Christ! Oh! how deceived! Mahomet can not save them. He was only a man, and I am afraid he is in hell, "*begging*" for himself, for he did many very wicked things; but alas! this poor benighted people think he was very good, and that none like him can help them. They say Jesus Christ was a very good *man*, the greatest of all prophets, except Mahomet—and one confessed, "We believe Jesus Christ is *God*," but I think there are not many who would confess this.

They understand much of the Old Testament history, from the Koran, but it is all mixed up with foolish stories. They are *Idolaters*, really, though the Koran condemns idols. They make many "charms," (little gods,) which they wear around the neck, wrists, and ankles, and think that nothing can hurt them, so long as they have them on.

I have tried to *buy* them, but they will seldom part with them—many refuse entirely, and will take no price whatever for them; some I have found, who would sell the ones they had on, *if I had some thing they wanted much*, and others will *make* them for me, if I will pay them. I have procured some, to show the people in America, that they may pity and pray more for this people.

The Koran teaches them to hold slaves, have many wives, etc., which precepts they are eager to obey.

Their prayers are very *Pharisaical*. I have seen them sit down in my piazza and pray, frequently bowing forward and kissing the floor. I have seen them, in their towns, stand at the corner of a house, and pray so as to be heard all over town. And when I have been at their houses, they would sit down, like a tailor, and pray, right before me, where all could see them. I have been traveling with them, and when the hours of prayer came, they would sit down, and go through their forms like a parrot. They always pray by *beads*, as the Roman Catholics do; and

they generally will be seen carrying a large string of beads in their hand, wherever they go. They have great influence over the people, on account of their "*book* knowledge," for the ignorant natives have a very great veneration for any man who understands *books*. And then again, the people look up to them, as having great power, on account of the numerous *charms* which they make, and sell to them. Oh! that they were *converted* to God, then they would do much *good*.

One month in a year they *fast*; but as they reckon by *lunar* months, *i. e.* by the moon, it does not come on any *regular* month, but changes a little every year, making *thirteen* months in a year. This moon during which they fast, they call their "*fast moon*." From the first of the new moon to the last, no one can be prevailed on to taste of food between sunrise and sunset, but in the *night* they feast without restraint. During this moon they pray and read the Koran very much. They want fine dresses to pray in, and of a *peculiar kind*; large, white, flow-

ing robes, very much like a Catholic priest's robe. I have talked to them much about their foolish notions. They say, "Yes, true, God looks at the *heart*, and not at our outward forms," etc., but still they will have *their way*. I ask, "Who told you to fast so?" They say "*God*." I tell them, "No, Mahomet." I try to show them the ridiculousness of thus fasting in the day time, and making gluttons of themselves in the night, to get their pay for their penance.

They have many foolish customs. If a chicken, fowl, goat, sheep, etc., is killed by one who is *not* a Mohometan, they will not eat it. I have tried them, by killing chickens myself, and cooking for them, but they would not eat. If I caught the chicken, and let them cut its throat, they could eat it.

They will not eat swine, elephant, or monkey, which animals the common natives generally eat. When I ask them *why*, they say "My book tell me I must not eat dat," nor will they eat things boiled with them.

But with all their foolish things they have some very *good* things among them. They

drink no *ardent spirits*—no wine, ale, gin, rum, or any thing that *intoxicates*. They have been tried again and again, but they refused, saying, “My book say I must not drink dat.” This is very good. Their *habit* of set times for devotion—of punctuality—of going by their book—of study, etc., is all good *in itself*—and if they are ever converted to *Christianity*, will be of great value to them. My soul pities them. Do pray for them, and for me.

LETTER TWELFTH.

MAHOMETANS CONTINUED.

DEAR FRIENDS: In my last, I mentioned something about the Mahometans. In this I wish to say more. They have great influence over the people in deceiving them. They write some sentences from the Koran, or some Arabic words or prayers, and sew them up in a little bag, or put them in a goat's or sheep's horn, which they wear around the

wrist, or neck, and sometimes tied in the hair, or sewed on their garments—and then pretend that this will keep them from trouble or sickness, and even save them from a musket ball in war ! They make and sell these things to the ignorant country people, and in this way get many slaves and much money. Oftentimes they get a *slave* for *one* greegree, not more than half as large as your hand, which they represent to possess power to protect from all evil—to give the one who wears it good luck—to make people like him—to destroy enemies, etc.

There is one of the peculiar features of their system, which, just around here, Mahometans do not exhibit, viz: *persecution*, for they have not the *power*. The country does not belong to them ; they are only strangers in it. But where they have *power*, the system is the same now as in the days of Mahomet.

In the northern part of Africa, where they are most numerous, and at Timbuctoo, and the regions around, they will come with an army upon a place and propose to the people

to repeat some Mahometan prayers after them. If they *do* it, they are considered *converts*; if they refuse, they are killed or made slaves! Now this is just the way that Mahomet and his followers did.

In the north of Africa and about the Niger, they are called *Moors*. They are *Arabs*, the descendants of Ishmael. I saw one in Free-town, with a dark skin, high, prominent nose, and straight black hair. They are noted for plundering and murdering travelers. They look upon Christians with great contempt and malice, and no one do they so much delight to harass, torture, mock, and rob as a *Christian*. They will not feed him when hungry, nor give him drink, not let him sleep in the house, nor give him any comforts. If a stranger white man is traveling among them, he is considered a *Christian*, and meets with all manner of abuse. His pockets are searched, his horse stolen, and his clothes taken away. MUNGO PARK suffered extremely among them—was made a *prisoner* for a whole month, during which time he was greatly abused. When he wanted to drink a little

water from the bucket, the women pushed him away and poured the water into the trough where the *cows* were drinking, and poor Park drank from the trough, with his head between two cows' heads, till they began to fight for the last drop, and he was obliged to go unsatisfied!! If a Christian touches the bucket, or any thing they use, they consider it polluted, and no more fit for use.

One white man, Major Houghton, who was traveling in that country before Park, was deceived, robbed, and left to starve. No one would give him a mouthful. Doubtless *others* who have been traveling among them have been murdered. And Mungo Park just escaped with his life, being stripped and robbed of nearly every thing. These Moors do not build houses much but live in *tents*, so that they can move from place to place to plunder and destroy.

Such is the character of the North Africa Moorish Mahometans. The *Mandingo* Mahometans, as I have said, do not persecute and commit robberies. Their disposition is

different from the Moors. They are a great *trading* people. What they would do if they had the *power*, I can not tell. They treat *me* kindly, and all connected with the mission, call me a "*God-man*" and the mission a "*God-place*." Mr. Raymond, before me, was much beloved by them—and everywhere we go, they *seem* to be our friends. They are more intelligent than the common heathen about, and, therefore, I can deal with them better. A Mahometan is known by his *dress*—a large, flowing robe or shirt, with open, "flowing sleeves," and frequently a pair of large, loose trowsers, with their cap or turban. Pray for them, dear children.

LETTER THIRTEENTH

MUNGO PARK.

DEAR CHILDREN: While I am talking of Africa, and since I have mentioned, in my last, MUNGO PARK, perhaps many of you will be glad to learn a little more about him;

I will, therefore, give a very brief sketch of his travels in Africa.

He was sent out by a society in England, to explore and make all the discoveries he could, about the river *Niger*. Look on your map, and you will see this river emptying into the gulf of Guinea. Fifty years ago, no white man knew how this river ran, nor where it emptied, and Park was sent to find out. He sailed from England May 22, 1795, and arrived at river *Gambia* in one month. Look on your maps for this river. At a little place up the river, he staid five months, had the fever, and learned the Mandingo language.

December 2, 1795, he started eastward for the Niger, with an interpreter and a few friends on horseback. On the 12th of July, 1796, he saw the *Niger*, and he said, "I saw, with infinite pleasure, the great object of my mission—the long sought, and majestic NIGER, glittering to the morning sun, as broad as the Thames, at Westminster. I hasted to the brink, and having drank of the water, lifted up my fervent

thanks, in prayer, to the Great Ruler of all things."

Thus he was more than seven months wandering and passing through innumerable sufferings, and had gained about five hundred miles from the coast. On the way, he passed through the dominions of many kings, and every one wanted a large present. Some treated him kindly, and others very wickedly. Many times, he was robbed, and had narrow escapes from lions, and other wild beasts.

One king, whose name was ALI, treated him very badly, and kept him a suffering *prisoner* more than a month, robbed him of his attending boy, and refused to give him any comforts. (This *Ali* was a Mahomedan.) He had to run, and hide in the bush, and so escaped with his life. He suffered much from thirst, and often drank muddy water. When he reached the river, he descended it, in a canoe, two or three hundred miles, when his dangers from the Moors seemed so great, he resolved to *turn back*. July 30, 1796, he turned his face toward the Gambia, and arrived June 5, 1797.

He returned, mostly, by a different route, in company with a *slave gang*, who were being taken to the coast for sale. He had many very narrow escapes from lions—and from more ferocious *men*—from hunger, thirst, and other dangers. At a town called *Hamalia*, he tarried seven months, and received great kindness from the chief, whom he rewarded, at the Gambia, with two *slaves* and other presents. June 17, 1797, he sailed for England, and arrived December 25.

On the 30th of January, 1805, he was sent out again for the same purpose. At one of the Cape De Verd Islands, St. Jago, he took in forty-four asses, and provisions. On the coast he took thirty-five soldiers, two tailors, and other workmen. With this company (besides officers) their asses and baggage, they set out, by land, for the *Niger* again. They had many troubles by the way; all were sick, more or less; and before he reached the Niger, only *eleven* persons out of forty-four were left—the rest died on the road. Soon the number was reduced to *five*.

After providing himself with canoes he started down the Niger, if possible, to find its outlet or mouth—which had been a matter of so much dispute among the learned for ages—some supposing the *Gambia* to be its outlet—others, the *Congo*—and others, the *Nile*—others still, that it *had none*, but sank and lost itself in the sandy deserts of the interior.

They descended it for many days, passing many large towns, and within a few miles of the famous Timbucto. They saw elephants, hippopotamie, and crocodiles in great abundance. November 17, 1805, he wrote to his wife and others, on board his boat near *San-san-ding*, and sent his letters and journal to the *Gambia*, by *Isaaes*, his guide. When he sent these, his *last* letters, he was in high spirits, full of hope and confidence that he would soon be in England. But after gliding down the rapid current a few days more, they came to a very narrow place in the river, where the rocks put out bold and high on each side, compressing the water into a narrow channel. On these

rocks were stationed an army of natives, to stop him. They had heard of him, and, probably, supposed he had plenty of money. Had Park tried to conciliate them with some presents, probably there would have been no trouble—but they shot arrows, and Park and his men fired muskets, and killed many, which exasperated the natives much. Seeing they were overpowered, Park, and all the white men, *leaped into the river, and were DROWNED*, at a place called Boosa. Thus ended the wonderful, adventurous life of Mungo Park. No doubt the *peace principle* would have saved him.

LETTER FOURTEENTH.

SUFFERINGS OF AFRICANS.

DEAR CHILDREN: In this letter I shall tell you a little about the *sufferings* of some classes of Africans, which I have heard and read of. I shall just state a few *facts*, without order or arrangement.

First. Slavery prevails over a large portion of Africa. Sometimes through *famine* many become slaves. At one place a *chief* who had money and was able, like Joseph, to buy up plenty of corn, *bought* many of the people for corn. One woman sold her little *son*, about five years old, for corn enough to last her and her family forty days! And the chief said he had bought another little boy in the same way! But mark! this mother did not sell her son for *money*, like the *men-demons* of the United States, but to save *her life, and the lives of her family*. She *loved* her son, as she said, and loved to be with him after he was sold.

Second. Wars are very common in Africa, and cause great suffering. In a war between two chiefs, a general was taken captive. His enemies *nailed his right hand to his head, and cut off the other!* In this condition they drove him through the town, to gratify the curiosity of the people. Then *cut off his head*, dried it in the sun, beat it to dust, and sent it in triumph to the

enemy! (I have frequently seen the *skulls* of noted warriors, who had been captured and killed, *struck up on poles and limbs of trees*, near the town, to awe their enemies, and inspire their own warriors with courage. At other times, I have known them, when taken, *beheaded* at once.)

Third. In the same country, (as the case of the general above,) *Badagry*, they *offered in sacrifice* three hundred individuals! on a great occasion. Oh! the cruelties of blind superstition!

Fourth. In another country it is the custom, when a *chief* dies, to have two of his wives take poison, or be beheaded, *to follow him*; and when the *King* dies many of the under governors must die also! Oh! how much they need the *Gospel* to teach them the wickedness of such things! Who will help send it?

Fifth. In one country, the hawks and vultures are so thick and bold that they pounce right upon the food the people are eating, and snatch it away, even while they have it in their fingers, conveying it to their

mouth! They are troublesome creatures indeed, as I well know.

Sixth. In another place, when a *child* dies, the mother has a little *wooden* image, which she carries on the head as a symbol of mourning. When they eat, they always offer a little to the image! Ah! children, they know nothing about the supports and comforts of the blessed Gospel which you possess.

Seventh. In another place they offer *human* sacrifices to a supreme Being, of whose character they are ignorant, to secure his favor! The victim is suspended, by the *middle*, from a tree which overhangs the river, so that the feet and hands touch the water! He is thus hung up *alive*, and either dies by the scorching sun, or is devoured by crocodiles!!

Eight. In another country they have a great annual meeting, that the king may water the graves of his ancestors with the *blood of human victims*. Hundreds are then *beheaded!*

At *any* time, if the king wishes to send

any word to his dead relatives, he tells the message to a man, and *cuts off his head!*

At one of these yearly waterings of the graves with blood, *three thousand* victims were slain! And when the great *king* died, the sacrifice was continued every week, for three months, and *two hundred were killed at each time!!* At these times the executioners rush out and seize the first person they can lay hold of, and kill him; so that every body is afraid to go out of the house.

In these scenes the *king* and his ministers engage, and become besmeared with human blood! The *skulls* and *jawbones* of enemies are the favorite ornaments of their houses and temples. In one day *seventy* were slain in the king's palace alone! Oh! what horrors reign where the Gospel has not shed its benign and heavenly influences.

Ninth. In some parts of Africa, in the Equitorial regions, *cannibalism* has prevailed, and missionaries have had places pointed out to them, by their guides, as the spots where they used to eat *their enemies*—but this is not extensive.

Tenth. The *slave trade* has caused an untold amount of suffering among the people of Africa. The victims suffer in getting to the coast—then in the large *Barracoons* hundreds and thousands are crowded, chained, beaten, starved—and the slave ship is horrid beyond all description. But I must stop. It is too awful.

Who will not pity and pray, and do all they can, for these poor heathens? It is only on account of the *Gospel* that you are not like them. Oh! *haste* to send it through all this land.

LETTER FIFTEETH.

MODE OF TRAVELING IN AFRICA.

IN this country, we have no wide, large *roads* as in America. What is here called a "*Big road* into the Interior," is only a small *path*, which a stranger finds much difficulty in following, and to ride on horseback would be impossible. In the interior

they have abundance of horses, and roads sufficiently wide to ride with ease on horse-back—but in all these parts they have no horses, or beasts of burden, and no roads, except the paths spoken of. The traveling is done on foot and in canoes. Those well acquainted with the country, can go from place to place on foot, by being ferried over large rivers, wading smaller ones, and plodding through sloughs, over grass fields, (prairies,) and crawling beneath the thick underbrush.

In the northern, interior, and southern parts of Africa they make much use of horses, oxen, camels, and asses, but not one is to be seen in all this part of the country. Formerly there were a few cattle here, but they have all been killed off by the wars. In Sierra Leone they have cattle and a few horses, owned only by the rich.

In the north they have *sand plains* and mountains, with but few rivers, so that roads can be made, and horses used to good advantage—which, with camels, are used for crossing the vast deserts. The

camel is called "The Ship of the Desert," and without them the Sahara could not be crossed.

In the interior horses are much used for traveling, but more especially in *war*. Many of the kings have from five hundred to two thousand or three thousand *cavalry*, or horsemen warriors; and with their well-fed, lively, noble steeds, they make a great display, and take pride in showing their superior horsemanship, as they flourish their glittering swords, or whirl their javelins and spears.

They have no wagons in the interior, nor do they make use of oxen for drawing or traveling, as I have ever heard of. A wagon would be a wonder to them.

In the southern part of Africa they use horses and oxen to ride upon, and have wagons drawn by many oxen, across the sandy plains—but all this part, where I live, seems to be peculiarly deficient in these respects. I have now been here more than a year, and have not seen or heard of a horse, cow, ox, (except wild ones, which

are abundant,) wagon, or any other traveling conveyance but *canoes*. And had I any number of horses I could not travel with them, except a short distance around the mission, where we have cut roads or paths.

The country is so matted with *bush* and cut up by rivers, and withal so low and flat, it would be impossible to use wagons, to any extent, as there is no *government* to make roads. In Sierra Leone they have horses and carriages, but they can only be used in the colony, and in but a small part of that, where roads and bridges have been made at an immense expense, and with incredible labor. But there, none but the English, or other foreigners, or rich Africans, can have a horse and carriage. All the traveling of the natives is on foot, with their burdens on their head, or in their dug-out canoes. So whenever I think of going off the mission-ground, to any distance, I have to take the canoe, which generally requires from four to six men to propel it, if I wish to make speed. It is a very tire-

some way of traveling, especially in a small canoe, where a constant effort is required to keep ones balance, which is worse than walking, if we could walk. To the larger canoes we affix *awnings*, beneath which we are shielded from the sun and rain, and in them we ride more comfortably. A canoe can be propelled from three to six miles an hour, according to the force. May you all enjoy yourselves in your fine coaches, wagons, sleighs, stages, steamboats, cars, and balloons, but do not forget the poor *African*, under all his disadvantages.

LETTER SIXTEENTH.

SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE CUSTOMS HERE, AND THOSE OF THE PEOPLE IN THE TIMES OF ABRAHAM, ISAAC, JACOB, AND THE ISRAELITES.

THIS similarity appears in many instances, a few of which I will now mention; and as I become better acquainted with the ways of the people, perhaps I shall notice others.

First. PRESENTS.—If you will read Genesis, 24; 22, 53:32; 18, 21:43; 11, 25, and 1st Kings 10; 10, 13, and many other places in the Bible, you will see that the custom of *giving presents*, when coming to an individual, and of *receiving presents*, when departing, was common in the early age of the world. So it is here; the practice is universal. If one goes to see another, he takes a towel, a country cloth, some tobacco, a kolanut, or something to “shake his hand,” as they say. If they wish to tell a chief, or any one, a “*palaver*,” (dispute or complaint,) they take a present “to show the palaver.” If they wish to come to see me, they bring a fowl, some rice, &c., but from the *white man* they expect a *larger* present in return. They generally receive something on *leaving* the persons they have been to see, which is to “bid them good bye.” So when I have been to see a king, he generally makes me a present, when I am ready to go, of a fowl, mat, rice, goat, sheep, &c.

Second. Read Exodus 18; 6, and you will see the words, “*I come to you.*” Here it is

universal. When any one comes to me, even my own people, (when they want any thing,) they say, "*I come to you.*" I often talk to them about it and say, "can't I see you come? If I were blind, then you might tell me you come, &c.; "but still I come to you, sir," is the salutation. Then when they are ready to start they say, "I go back," when they generally want a present of some kind.

Third. BUYING WIVES.—Genesis, 29, 18, 20, 27; 34, 12, and other places, show that this was common in olden times. Here it is general. To get a wife a man has to give the parents from two to five dollars, or ten dollars' worth of goods of some kind, and then is often cheated out of her, as Jacob was of Rachel.

A present is first proffered to his intended wife, of a small amount; if she *accepts* it she is considered as giving *her* consent. Then comes the present, of a larger amount, to the parents, before they will consent to the proposal, (see the case of Rebecca.) And they will require a greater or lesser present

from the suitor in proportion as they think he can pay. If the intended *refuses* the present and sends it back, it is a "*No*," and the suitor has to look somewhere else.

Fourth. Any one familiar with the Old Testament, knows that if a wife did not please the husband he could send her back again. So it is in all this country.

Fifth. "BROTHER."—Read Genesis 13, 8; 29, 12: Judges 9, 3: John 7, 5, and you will see that the term is applied to *uncle, third cousins, and kindred*. So here the term is so general that I can not tell what the relation is, unless they say, "this one and me, *one mother*," or "*one father*," etc., any *kindred* is called brother, sister, etc.

Sixth. "FATHER."—Read Daniel 5, 13, with Jeremiah 27, 7, and you will see that it is applied to grandfather. So in Second Samuel, 9, 7, etc. Here the term is applied with even greater latitude.

Seventh. "SON."—In Genesis 9, 24, it is applied to grandfather, and in other places. Here it is used with much greater latitude.

A person says, "This is my son, or daughter," when perhaps two or three generations distant, or the child of some relative, and I can not be certain till they say, "I born this child," etc.

Eighth. So with reference to "*sister*," the same as "*brother*." The only way they can definitely express themselves is, "one mother (or father) born us both."

Ninth. "KING."—By reading the Bible, it will be seen that the term *king* is applied not only to a ruler over a large country, (as David, Solomon, etc.,) but also to the chief of a tribe, or even of a town. See Genesis, 14, 1-9: 1st Samuel, 21, 10; 27, 5: Joshua 12, 9-24; and all the book of Joshua; Judges, 1, 7. So it is here, every country has its king, every tribe has its king, and every town has its chief, or king. Also in Numbers 1, 4; and Joshua 22, 14; you will see that every tribe, or family, had its *head man*, or chief, or elder. It is so here. The Tuckers, the Caulkers, the Clevelands, etc., etc., all have their "head man," or chief.

In the case of the thirty-one kings spoken of in Joshua 12, 9-24, I suppose they all occupied a country not larger than the State of Illinois. So there are hundreds of *kings* here, occupying, comparatively, a small country—each king possessing the power of life and death over all his subjects. His word is *law*, and all reverence him.

Tenth. All you who have read the Bible through, know that the manner of *salutations*, in olden times, was tedious and formal—often prostrating one's self, bowing down, embracing, &c. Here it is somewhat similar. When two friends have been separated a long time, and they meet, they throw their arms around each other's necks, for some time—then draw their hands down each other's arms, and close with rubbing the hands together, snapping fingers etc. When inferiors approach a superior personage, they *kneel* down, bend forward, and reach out the hand very reverentially. These formalities often take considerable time.

Eleventh. You know also it was common for a whole city to "draw water" from *one* well or fountain. So it is in Africa. They generally all get water from *one place*.

Twelfth. I will mention only one more item in this letter—"Breeches." Read Exodus, 28, 42, and see the description. The country "*Trowsers*" here, exactly correspond. From the waist to the thighs, sometimes to the knees, is the favorite fashion of all who wear any thing of the kind. I may notice other things hereafter, but now good bye.

LETTER SEVENTEENTH.

THE MANGROVE TREE.

THE MANGROVE is one of the most wonderful trees in the world. It grows on the low lands of rivers, and forms such a complete *mass* of roots, above ground, that it is impossible, often, for a dog to go through them, or any thing but a snake, or some small animal. The *trunk* of the tree does not come down to the ground, but is from ten to fifteen feet from it, supported by innumerable bowing *roots*, which put out in every direction from the bottom of the trunk, and from each other, so thick and close as to be almost impenetrable—a person can *walk* on the top of them with ease.

Besides the innumerable *roots* which sustain the trunk, there are long, rope-like hangers, suspended from the limbs and reaching to the water. These hangers begin from the upper limbs, and grow downward till they reach the ground, where they

THE MANGROVE TREE.

take *root*, and serve to steady the tree, as ropes do the mast of a ship.

It multiplies nearly as rapidly as the cotton trees on the banks of the large western rivers of America. It is a very *hard* wood, equal to *ironwood* or *dogwood*, and is much used for building. To cut the trees and get them into the river, is very difficult. To fell the tree, they either cut off these numerous roots or stand *upon* them and cut down the trunk; then pull it by hand over all these roots to the river—to do which requires much patience and perseverance.

Brother Raymond supposed that the *bug-a-bug* ant could not eat the mangrove; but it is a mistake. Many of the posts on which the mission-house and other buildings stand, are almost, and some quite, *eaten off*; and yet to drive a nail into a seasoned mangrove is next to impossible.

Where many mangroves are seen covering the low banks of a river, it may be expected to be unhealthy, (unless on salt water,) for the water overflows at every

tide, and runs among all the roots. To behold a mangrove bush, for the first time, will cause any one to stare and wonder. Who will come and see them? Farewell.

LETTER EIGHTEENTH.

THE SICK MAN—CONVERSIONS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN AND FRIENDS: Again I will try to say a few words to encourage you to send the Gospel to Africa. The other day as I walked out, with my teacher, we went through the farms of the *heathen*. In the middle of the farm they build a house, or shantie, called a "*farm house*," in which they stay to guard the farm from birds, animals, and thieves. We passed by one of these houses, expecting to find some one to whom we could talk about salvation; we looked in, and saw a man lying on the ground, naked—we spoke to him, but he answered not. We thought he was *dead*, and went in. He *looked* at us, but moved

no other muscle. We spoke to him again and again, but he heeded us not: he moved his eyes, but we could perceive no other motion of any part of his body. He was, beyond expression, *poor*; he looked as if he had eaten nothing for a month. We could see nothing in the shed to give him. He could say nothing, and we did not know as we could help him in any other way than telling the people of the town, whom we saw. We hastened to other farms, and told them of his condition, and they promised to go to the town and tell his friends.

Dear children, do you know *why* this man was thus left to starve and die alone? He was a *heathen*, and it is because they have not the *Gospel*. Heathenism treats the sick thus. Send us teachers and Bibles, and they shall be taught better.

When you are sick, and surrounded by kind friends, think of and pray for the poor *heathen*, and for the lone missionary, who has no wife, no mother, no sister, to comfort him when sick among the heathen.

A DIFFERENT SIGHT.

A few weeks ago a man came here and spent the Sabbath, and was, we hope, converted to God. We told him to "go home to his friends, and tell them how great things the Lord had done for him." He did so, and the people of the town, with one accord, cast away their idols and began to pray. They kept the Sabbath, and met to pray and talk. They gave one of my men, whom I sent to preach to them, a bag full of idols and charms, saying, "They have deceived and made fools of us." He brought them part of the way home, and sunk them in the river. Now, we hope a number are converted to God there. The wicked, in other towns, persecute the man who began to exhort and pray. They say he is "trying to turn white man, and make himself head over us." He bears it patiently. Oh! pray for this people. They beg hard for a teacher to come and *live among them*, but I have none to send. Oh! that I had. Who will come? Their souls are precious, and now is an important time to them.

Again, when at Mongray, the other day, we found a woman who had turned to the Lord, prayed, kept the Sabbath, talked to the people, etc. She loved to come to the house where we were, to get instruction and pray; and we encouraged her to be faithful to Jesus Christ. That Saturday she walked *twelve miles* through prairie, mud, and bush to come here to hear the Gospel. She will join the church here soon. She seems truly converted, humble, teachable, and patient.

Would any of *you* walk twelve miles to hear the word of God? This woman loves the truth more than her daily food.

Many of the children here, I think, love the Savior. Next Sabbath thirteen of them expect to join the church. Pray for them. The Lord blesses us very much, and the work spreads. Pray for your *unworthy missionary*.

ARRIVAL OF NEW MISSIONARIES.

I had now been laboring and toiling *alone*, for nearly a year and a half. I had been pleading for missionaries, praying for, and

expecting them. About the middle of December, 1849, they arrived at Freetown. Their names were JOHN S. BROOKS, and his wife, FIDELIA C. BROOKS, and SARAH KERISON, a native African, who had been going to school in America four years, and now returned to her native country to teach her benighted countrymen the way to heaven.

As soon as I heard of their arrival at Freetown, I rigged my little schooner and started for them. In a few days I arrived at the village of York, where they were, I walked up to the house, and as I approached, Sarah Kerison ran out to meet me, saying, "Oh! Mr. Thompson, how glad I am to see you! how glad I am!" But judge of my surprise, when she added: "But Mrs. Brooks is *dead*! She died yesterday, and was buried this morning!!" I went in and found Mr. Brooks, also, very sick. The Lord stood by, and comforted him under his heavy affliction, and he could say, "The will of the Lord be done." Mrs. Brooks loved Africa most ardently, and desired to devote all her energies to the work of her enlight-

enment, redemption, and salvation. But God knows best how to bring about this blessed event. He accepted her "willing mind," and called her to her rest and reward. But He will *carry on the work*, through whom, and as He chooses; and we will rejoice and say, "Even so Father, glorify thy name. Amen."

I remained with brother Brooks a few days, till he began to amend, and left him, while I could go to Freetown to transact some business for the mission. I sent the schooner ahead, and with one of my men, *walked* to town. The road was the sand beach. It was pleasant, but we became very tired. Once, a large wave came and rolled entirely *over me*, making me perfectly wet, but I wrung out my clothes, and walked on.

BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

"Especially to those who are of the household of faith."

As I came through Goodrich, where I preached one and a half years before, I bought one cent's worth of Bananas, of a

woman who urged me to buy. A number were standing around, some of whom had heard me preach. I paid for the fruit, and walked on. The company began to talk about me, and my *preaching* there, and thus the woman learned that she had sold her bananas to a *minister*. After I had proceeded some distance, I was induced to stop, by the cry of a woman, running after us, and calling, "Daddy! Daddy!" She came up and said, "I did not know that you were a *Christian*, and belonged to the *church*; I can not take pay for the bananas, here is your copper." I replied, "Very well, I *give* you the copper." She thanked me, and turned back.

I was struck with the Gospel simplicity of the act, and its strict accordance with the exhortation at the head of this incident. Proceeding as it did from a convert from heathenism, it seemed the more sweet and remarkable. "As therefore we have opportunity, let us do good unto *all men*, but ESPECIALLY to those who are of the household of faith."

In town, I was taken sick myself, but transacted my business, and returned to York. Found brother Brooks improving, and in a few days, we started, and arrived safely at the Mission, where we labored, and suffered happily together for the good of *those around us*.

LINES

*Addressed to Sarah Kerison, when leaving for Africa, by
one who hopes soon to reach those shores herself.*
(My Wife)

God speed thee, Sarah ! Let us cease from weeping,
When called to sever sweet affection's ties ;
For dark, benighted ones, in error sleeping,
Are calling thee to point them to the skies.

Thou goest where summer's sun is ever glowing,
Where loveliest flowers with incense fill the air,
Where the rich sunbeams, golden fruits are showing,
And nature seems her sweetest smiles to wear.

But Oh ! how dark the spell that shrouds the nation ;
The laden breezes no sweet anthems raise
To Him who gives to all a free salvation ;
To senseless things, they chant their songs of praise !

May heaven attend thee ever ! Thou art going,
A *light* to beam on that dark spot of earth ;
Angels around thee, their white robes throwing,
Will tell thy spirit of its heavenly birth.

And when, at eve, beneath the stars' pure lustre,
Thy spirit wanders to this distant shore,
And fond remembrances around thee cluster,
Breathe forth one prayer for me—I ask no more.

MARTHA C. THOMPSON

LETTER NINETEENTH.

A F R I C A N A R T S .

COMPARED with England and America, the arts of Africa are few and simple; and yet, considering her darkness, and oppressions, and great disadvantages, they are considerable.

Every where they build *houses*, though not like American frame and brick, yet comfortable, for them, and many of them displaying considerable skill, and taste. They have no glass, nor board floors, nor shingle roofs. They have thatch roofs, and live on the ground. When well built, the houses are warm and dry; and as we have no winter here they do very well.

They are very skillful in making CANOES, large and small, dug out with a small iron

ax and adz, of native manufacture. Many canoes are amazingly large, carrying from fifty to one hundred persons, besides ten or twelve hands, to pull; or five hundred bushels of rice. These canoes are dug out of *whole trees*, so that you may see that Africa produces very large *trees*. Then there are canoes of all sizes, down to those which carry only one person.

MATS, in any abundance, of all kinds, sizes, and qualities, are manufactured, chiefly by the women, though in some parts, I noticed that men worked at them. These make fine carpets, and are used for many purposes—to sleep on, partition off rooms, for bed curtains, bags, walls, awnings, &c. The *fine* ones make beautiful table covers, and farther south, they make a very fine article, of grass, which is used for clothing. I buy, and use many mats. I cannot *describe* a mat so that you can understand how it looks, (if you never saw one,) but they look as if they were *woven*—are sometimes six or eight feet wide, and fifteen or twenty feet long, and of all sizes. They can make them

any size they wish, and many are exceedingly beautiful. They are very useful in this country.

COUNTRY CLOTHS are made in abundance, from native cotton. They are spun on a little spindle, which is whirled with the fingers, like a top, while they (the women) draw out a thread with astonishing evenness. They are then woven, by the men, in a strip from five to ten inches wide—then it is cut, according to the length they want the cloth, and the strips sewed together. It takes from eight to twelve of these breadths to make a “cloth.” A common cloth is about the size of a medium *bed sheet*, (rather small,) while many are two, three, four, or five times as large, and woven with every kind of colors, and figures, exceedingly tasty, and nice—but such are *costly*. The common, plain, white country cloth costs sixty cents, and they are of all prices, up to twenty-five dollars, or more. Many prefer their country cloths, to English cloth. They are thicker, and stronger. My bed cover is a fine “marked” (figured) country

cloth. They are much cheaper than English cloth. Far up, in the interior, large, fine ones can be bought very cheap—say for one or two dollars, which, counting the labor in making them, at American prices for labor, would cost from thirty to fifty dollars. They are brought down and sold at a great profit.

COUNTRY POTS are made in abundance, out of clay. When built up, in shape, they are baked, or burned, so that they hold water, and are used for cooking, frying, boiling salt, or any thing else which an iron pot is used for. They can be bought cheap, and are very useful—sizes from a quart to twenty gallons. I use a large one, for a *filter*, to purify my water. The process of making them is *very* slow, and the introduction of the *pottery* business would be a blessing.

ROPES, FISH LINES, SEINES, TWINE, as fine as can be found any where, are made out of the palm-leaf fibers, and other things, all twisted *with the hand, on the leg*; and can be bought much cheaper than American articles—and they are *good*. It is perfectly

amazing to see how fast, and with what nice evenness, they can make twine. It is wonderful.

BASKETS, of all shapes and sizes, are made from various articles—many ladies' work-baskets, *very nice*. Great ingenuity is manifested in these articles.

HATS, similar, in shape, to the American palm-leaf summer hat, of various kinds, are made—some fine, and very durable.

SANDALS, or "Mandingo boots," wooden, and leather, are curious articles, and neatly made—worn much in the rains.

A good quality of LEATHER is manufactured, from which they make shoes, horse bridles, all braided beautifully, pouches, greegree cases, dagger sheaths, &c., &c.

They make IRON, of a *superior* quality, out of which they work every thing called for, in the country—swords, spears, knives, bush hooks, axes, hoes, hooks and staples, nails, hinges, chains, &c. &c. Many blacksmiths are very ingenious in making brass, silver, or gold finger rings, ear rings, bracelets, &c.

In making CLOTHES, many (men) are very skilful to cut, sew, embroider, shirts, robes, caps, &c. The women do not sew much. The Mandingo robes, many of them are exquisitely fine.

WOODEN BOWLS and SPOONS, neat, fine, and serviceable, are made; bowls from a pint, to a half barrel, handsome, cheap, durable.

WOODEN FISH HOOKS, FISH POTS, BOWS and ARROWS, &c., are made.

SOAP, good and cheap, JUGS, BOTTLES, (earthen,) and *many* other little things I can not now mention, skilful and ingenious. They only need the *light* of the Gospel.

LETTER TWENTIETH.

THE PEACE.

MANY of you have read, often, about the dreadful desolations of the *Wars*, that have raged in this country, for five or six years. They were dreadful, truly. Oh! how they have wasted the country for hundreds of

miles around! If I go this way, or that, in any direction from the mission, by land, or water, I meet with the ruins of numerous towns! On various rivers, which I have traversed, where towns were once thickly studded along, *every one* has been swept off, not one left. A number of these towns were near the mission, and some in sight, yet, amid all the ruin and desolation, God was round about the mission, and protected it. Multitudes of warriors frequently came here, and crowds of affrighted, fleeing, wounded natives, fled hither for protection, and healing, and help, and *they received it*—but no one, of all the enemy, was permitted to do violence to the mission, nor to any connected with it! Wonderful!

But now things are different; they are beginning to build up their towns again, and the aspect of the country is entirely changed. No longer are people, every where, standing in fear of their lives—no longer do they go out of their towns, trembling, lest they may be surprised by the enemy—or lie down, at night, in fear and apprehension—no longer

is each one seeking to destroy his brother, and to live upon the ruin of others. No. No. Blessed be God! *Peace* now reigns, and all can freely mingle together, and travel where they please, without fear! And when they meet, they can shake hands, sing, and rejoice.

I have great reason to thank God that he sent me to this country, and has preserved me so long, even if I should die this minute. I feel that a *great work* has been accomplished, under God.

By the opposite war party I was chosen to "walk between," as a mediator to make peace. They sent a person to me, after they had taken one of our strong kings a captive, requesting me to "*hold the war,*" *i. e. to stop it.* I called together all the chiefs of this part of the country, and told them the proposition of their enemies. They also rejoiced to have me walk between them, and try to make the peace, so that I was chosen unanimously, by both parties, to bring them to terms of peace. They said "We look to *you alone* to make this peace.

No other person is able to hold this war, but the white man, for *he* has nothing to do with the war, on either side, and can therefore go between us. You must not *tire*, in making this peace," &c., &c.

The mission house was the place of meeting, for a long time. I found it hard to deal with them, but God helped me. We were about *five months* walking from one party to the other, making propositions, holding meetings, making presents, to get them to promise to stop fighting, talking, discussing, &c.; during which time, I often *fed* them at the mission table.

For five months, one of my men has been constantly engaged, going back and forth, in this work, talking, interpreting, &c.; but, blessed be God, *the work is done*, and PEACE IS AGAIN RESTORED!! The opposite parties, which have been trying to kill each other, for five years, have now *met together*, shook hands, looked each other in the face, talked, laughed, and ate together, and now can freely trade, and mingle on terms of friendship. A strong king of this side, by name

of *Karmokoo*, who was taken about seven months ago, has been *brought back*, and the people now pass to and fro, from one country to the other, without fear or molestation.

People are no longer stolen, shot, and murdered, but now they trade, build their towns, make farms, &c.; and already, a desire for the Gospel, for living teachers, is manifested, such as was never before known in this country. Wide openings are before me, but I have no teachers to fill the places, where they call for help. Now tell me, has not a great work been accomplished? Is it not worth *one life* to be instrumental in bringing about such a blessed and peaceful change?

It has cost the mission about fifty dollars, to make the peace, but who will not rejoice to have fifty dollars spent in such a cause, with such success? Who can compute the value of this peace, in saving men from *slavery, death, and hell*? It is beyond the power of men or angels to portray. Oh! how the people, all over the country, rejoice. Parents and children, long sundered, are

again finding out each other, and the principle of *brotherhood* is again being acknowledged.

“Peace on earth, and good will to men.”
May the day soon come when war shall be driven from the world, and universal peace forever reign! Amen.

LETTER TWENTY-FIRST.

BATHING.

THE use of *cold water*, to preserve and restore health, is becoming a matter of general interest, in Europe and America. To show that it is not only a *scientific* invention, or discovery, but also a doctrine of *nature*, wholly uninfluenced by books or doctors, I will state the practice of Africans, in a state of nature. They have many medicines for sickness, but one thing is common, all over the country, among all classes.

They generally build their towns, or houses near some *river*, where the old, middle-aged, and young, daily resort to bathe their persons. If any are not old enough to

go alone, they are *carried* by mothers, and washed all over. This is continued through youth up to old age. If they cannot go to a river, a bowl, or pot of water is used instead, at the house, or in the bush.

Every morning and night, multitudes will be seen going to the river to bathe. In some places, the males have one wharf, and the females another. In other places all resort to one wharf, at *different* times. In other places, all bathe promiscuously. Children, from eight to fifteen years of age, are in the water much of the time, and seem as much at home as a crocodile. If they swim, they go *under* water, much of the time, and seem almost incapable of tiring in the water. They seem to play in it with as much ease as fish. This is the case with both girls and boys; and there are but few men or women unable to swim. In the dry season, while clearing their farms, they will be frequently seen going to the river, during the day, to bathe. However filthy they may keep their clothes, they certainly wash their *bodies* enough for cleanliness.

These frequent bathings are very conducive to health in this hot country — more so than in colder climates; and I know there is nothing so agreeable to the poor body, as such frequent ablutions. I feel the need of them daily, and twice a day, in health—in sickness, much oftener. In my fevers, nothing is so reviving as cold water in abundance, to drink, and to be often washed in it. In my long sickness, this was my only medicine, not administered by skillful hydropathists, but by *natives*, to whom cold water, as a *medicine*, was an anomaly. But before I was taken sick, I gave directions, in *anticipation*, saying, “If I am taken sick, I want you to give me *no medicine*, but plenty of cold water to *drink*, and *bathe* me often.” They did so, and God raised me up.

With a thorough course of “*water treatment*,” in health and sickness, in this country, I firmly believe that many of the lives might be prolonged, which now seem to be prematurely cut off. Let all wines and liquors, tobacco, and other nostrums, be abandoned, and a constant and free use be made

of *pure cold water*, outwardly and inwardly, with suitable care, diet, and exercise otherwise, and doubtless half the suffering now endured might be avoided, and life be continued for many years, to labor for God.

Many of the English in Freetown, who have lived there from twelve to thirty-five years, enjoy good health yet; but so far as I know, they daily use the *shower bath*, or *bathing tub*, or *both*, and say, "we could not get along without it." They came from England, a more northern clime than the United States, but the climate has not cut them down. However, while *they* live, and are well, multitudes have *died*; but whether they pursued the course I have intimated, I can not tell: I *know* that many and the most of them, were in the habit of the free use of wine, ale, and other liquors, and rich living in other respects.

In conclusion, let me say, if any are anticipating coming to Africa to live, let them study *hydropathy* thoroughly, for to no country is it more adapted than this, as my own

experience and observation testifies, in unison with many others.

P. S. I would not be understood as discarding all other remedies—they may be useful in many cases, and necessary in some—and I would be willing to use them, if directed by a skillful Christian physician—but I believe that the prudent, wise use of *water*, in most cases, is better than all other remedies. *It may be improperly used, and do much hurt.*

LETTER TWENTY-SECOND.

NATIVE SCHOOLS.

DEAR CHILDREN: Perhaps you would like to hear a little about the *native schools* of Africa. “Native schools! what! do they have schools of their *own*? I thought they were all living in ignorance, and heathenish darkness. If they have schools, why should we give our money to send teachers there, to teach them how to read, &c.?”

Yes, children, they have *schools of their own*. Nearly two hundred miles south of

this, an ingenious man, set his mind to work, and reduced the language of his tribe to *writing* — made an alphabet, wrote books, and taught all the people of the town, so that many learned to read their own language. “But what kind of *books* did they have?” Not good books, as you have, for they had no knowledge of the Savior—but books written on bark and skins, composed of many foolish sayings, superstitions, errors, &c. This was in the *Vi* tribe.

But there are many schools of another kind, all over the northern half of Africa, called *Mandingo* schools, or *Mohammedan*, in which the language (Arabic) and doctrines of Mohammedanism are taught. These schools *I have seen*, in different towns. They have no school houses, as you have. The teacher sits under a *shed*, or *porch*, and the scholars around on the ground. They have no *books* such as yours, but the teacher writes the lessons on a smooth *board*, with a *stick* for a pen. These lessons the children study. (It is all Arabic.) When the lesson is learned, they rub it over with dust, and sand, to re-

move it; and then another lesson is written on the same board, and so on.

One night I stayed at *Mongray*, a Mahometan town. In the evening the scholars had a large bundle of fine sticks, with which they made a fire on the ground. Around this they sat, studying their lessons, on their boards, with great earnestness, till after I went to sleep. And before day, next morning, I was awakened from my sleep, by their sing-song, chattering noise. They had their fire, and were at their lessons again, very eagerly.

The more advanced scholars take the teacher's book (all manuscript), and copy their lessons on the board, for themselves, and then commit it. And the most forward ones frequently copy the lessons for the beginners, and thus save the teacher much labor.

Their application to study was remarkable, and should shame many in the day and Sabbath schools in America. Every lesson has to be perfectly committed to *memory*, whether they understand the meaning, or

not, and I suppose they do *not* understand the meaning much better than a *parrot* does what is taught it.

“What do they learn?” Many foolish things—many errors and lies, which make them the most difficult class of people to convert to the Savior. They learn that *Ma-homet* was the *first* being, or thing, that God created—that Jesus Christ was a *man*, a *good* man, but not the Son of God—that *God* never had, nor can have a *son*—that heaven is a sensual *paradise*—that charms, and greegrees, and idols, and Arabic sentences, worn around the wrist, or ankle, or neck, in a bag, or horn, or hung up in the house, &c., will preserve them from all troubles and dangers—that if they say their prayers and count their beads five times a day, and *fast* at such and such times, though they may steal, lie, cheat, and murder, they will be saved!! And a great many more foolish and wicked things they learn, which I can not now mention; one is, that they may hold slaves, and another, that they may

fight and kill their *enemies*, which you know are *both* contrary to the *Bible*.

But they learn *some good* things. They learn that there is but *one* God, that there is a heaven and a hell, &c.; and they are taught that they must *not drink anything that intoxicates*, and THEY OBEY IT.

But another *good* thing is, they learn the Arabic language, the language of their religion, and in which the Koran is written; and by being able to read and understand this language, they are able to read the *New Testament* and the *whole Bible*, which is printed in Arabic. I give and sell the Testament and Bible to them, which they read readily and willingly; and I can but indulge the hope, that God will bless the reading of his own word, to the opening of their eyes, and the conversion of their souls, that they may love Jesus Christ, and live to do good. I hope you will give your cents and sixpences, and shillings, to buy *many* Arabic Bibles and Testaments, to send here, and thus we can preach the Gospel to them, and the Lord will bless it. He can and *will*

overrule these schools for good. If these Mahometans can be converted to *Jesus Christ*, they will assist very much in *converting Africa to God*. Pray for them, and help us.

LETTER TWENTY-THIRD.

LITTLE FOLKS AND LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE FRIENDS: Perhaps you would be interested, to hear a little, now and then, about the *little* folks here; so I will spend a little time in telling you some of the little incidents which have been told to me by little lips, among the little lambs of our little church.

First. A very small boy who belongs to the church, under a moment of excitement, spoke some bad words to his little companions. In talking with me, he heartily confessed the whole, and said he was sorry for his fault. I asked him if he was willing to confess to the injured boys, and ask their pardon. He answered, "Yes." So I sent for the three boys against whom the wrong

was committed. They were wicked little boys, but he confessed to each one separately; said he did wrong, was sorry, and asked their forgiveness. They granted it, and confessed to him that they had also done wrong to him, and begged *his* forgiveness, which was granted. Afterwards he confessed to the Church, and asked the forgiveness of all. I was pleased to see this little boy make such thorough work in confessing his sin.

Second. Two little boys did wrong while I was absent two days from the mission. On my return I talked to them much. This was Saturday evening. After meeting, on Sabbath, they came into my room weeping; both confessed their sin, and asked my forgiveness. Of course, I rejoiced to grant it. I wept with them, and we prayed together, and besought *God's* forgiveness, against whom the sin was particularly committed. They then went and confessed to the head teacher, to whom they did the wrong, then to the second teacher, who was also concerned—then before all the Sabbath school,

and begged the forgiveness of all, and all the school arose to express their willingness to forgive. Thus they showed pleasing evidence of true sorrow for their sin. Do not you think so, children?

Third. Two boys belonging to the church had some dispute, and hard feelings were indulged against each other. I talked to them and told them that they could not come to the Lord's supper till the matter had been settled, and they could *love* each other again. They both passed one sacrament without being reconciled to each other; then one came and said they had settled it. The other continued a number of months having a dispute with *another* boy. At length, in a class meeting, he came forward, confessed the whole, wept, settled all the matter, humbled himself, asked pardon, and gave himself anew to God. It did Mr. Brooks and myself much good to hear him talk.

Fourth. A little girl, who belonged to the church, confessed thus, in class meeting; "When I was in the kitchen with E. J., I

spoke a bad word to her. A little while after, we walked together in the road, and I said: 'That was a *bad* word that I spoke to you; I am sorry for it; you must forgive me.' Then we knelt down and *prayed* together." Was not that good?

Fifth. Every morning, and night, were you here, you would hear the voices of the little girls and boys, in different rooms, all over the house, *praying*, and pleading for new, loving, kind, and patient hearts; and that God would teach them, and keep them from sin. I love very much to hear it. And I know you would be delighted to hear them, and you would say, "Surely the mission is not in vain. We will be encouraged to pray, and to labor more untiringly, that the Gospel, which works such changes, may soon be sent to '*every creature*,' as the Savior commanded."

Sixth. Some of my little boys begin to *write*, and have written letters to their parents, brothers, and sisters, about the love of Jesus. They besought them to forsake their country fashions, to love and obey

God, and leave off all slavery, polygamy, and every manner of wrong doing. Some of them have been home to visit their friends, and talked to them about their idols, and sins, and exhorted them to love God.

I could tell many more little things, about my little folks, but my letter is full. Pray for them all.

LETTER TWENTY-FOURTH.

A PLEASING SIGHT.

DEAR FRIENDS: I saw a sight last Sabbath which pleased me so much that I desire to tell it to *you*, that you may “rejoice with me.” Now who can guess what it was? “Oh! we could *guess* a great many things, and then might not guess the *right* thing after all.” True; so I will not keep you waiting any longer, but tell you, at once.

My teacher, Thomas Bunyan, has long been in the habit of going every Sabbath afternoon, with a number of the people, and

children, to a little village, near by, to preach to the inhabitants about Jesus Christ, and to pray for, and with them. Last Sabbath brother Brooks and myself thought we would go down and hear Bunyan. We were a little late, and when we arrived, found, to our astonishment, not Bunyan preaching, but one of the *school children* talking to the people who were assembled around! A bench sat there, *filled with children* from our Sabbath school, around whom sat and stood the country people. Two boys were standing up, one of whom was talking to the people in English, about the Savior, and the other was interpreting so that all could well understand—for all the people here do not understand *one* language, as they do among you, but some “hear” Sherbro, some Mendi, and some English—so, to make *all* understand, we have an *interpreter*.

Well, the young missionary was telling them about the goodness of God to us poor sinners, in giving his *Son to die for us*—in sending the blessed Gospel to *this place*. He told them of the vanity of their idols

and greegrees, and their need of pardon through Jesus Christ. He told them of the change in his own mind—how he once felt, and how he now felt, since he had renounced his former ways, and embraced the Savior. Thus he exhorted them, for some time, to turn to the Lord.

Our coming so unexpectedly frustrated him a little, but I said, "Do not stop, go on," and he talked very well, I thought, for a Sunday school scholar. Brother Brooks and I were much pleased with the sermon. After I had said a few words to the people, the children sung a hymn, some of them prayed, and we walked home rejoicing in what we had seen and heard.

I learned that the same boy once went to a large town about two miles from us, and talked much and plainly to the *Mahommedan chief* about his false religion! Where the boy ever learned so much about what the Bible says in opposition to Mahommedanism, I don't know, but I was told he argued strongly. Perhaps one of my men, here, whom I had taught some about such things,

had instructed this boy, for I can think of no other way, unless he got his knowledge by reading books in the mission library, (for the boy is a great reader.)

I think that many of our children love to talk to the ignorant country people about the Savior.

And now I am ready to start into the interior, to see about beginning a new school. One of my little boys has begged me, again and again, to let him go *with* me, that he might *talk to the people about the Savior.*" He has promised to get his geography and arithmetic lessons every day, and recite to me. So I told him he could go, and he is very glad. I expect to go a long way, in a canoe, then walk still farther—so I shall not be able to write to you again for some time.

A GLANCE AT MY JOURNEY.

DEAR CHILDREN: I have *returned* to my little flock, who gathered around me, with eagerness, to embrace, and bid me welcome home again. It was a happy meeting.

I have been absent two and a half months. For eight days I went in my canoe up Big Boom river, to the falls, where navigation ceases. We passed and called at many towns, and I preached the Gospel in many villages, where they never before heard the joyful sound. It was very pleasing to see the eagerness with which they received my messages everywhere. I never preached to more attentive audiences.

I remained at the falls about a week, had a large meeting of the chiefs, to whom I preached, and made an agreement with them to let me begin a mission among them, at the town of TISSANA. Multitudes came from the country around to see a white man, for they never saw one before. Some were afraid of me, but most of them came up and shook my hand. I was a wonderful sight to them.

From there, we traveled on foot, two days more, to meet a large number of chiefs and kings, for the purpose of bringing about *peace* in the country, where they had been fighting for nearly nine years.

We camped out in the woods, under small palm leaf *booths*, and slept on the ground, for about two months. I had two very sick turns, and expected to die, and I was *willing* to die and leave my bones in the forests of Mendi. I suffered much, having no wife, mother, or sister, to comfort and relieve me; but the *natives* were exceedingly kind, and seemed anxious to do every thing they could for me. When they looked upon me, in my suffering, they would sigh, and exclaim, "Oh, Yoh!" (Oh! dear! Oh! pity!) and when I began to get better, they would clap their hands, and rejoice very much. The exhibition of feelings of such tenderness and sympathy on the part of those poor, benighted heathen, affected my heart, and increased my love for, and interest in them. It showed that they *loved* me.

We met in large peace meetings, in the woods, for many weeks, to discuss the subject, and try to bring the opposing parties together. They met, face to face, a large number of each side, and both parties freely expressed their mind, with reference to the

past, and what they were willing to do in future. Many of the speeches were truly eloquent and powerful, and showed strong powers of mind.

I walked from place to place, preaching the Gospel in all the towns around, and urging them to peace. Every where I was received with acclamations of delight, and treated with the greatest kindness. They had never seen a white man, and I was a source of great curiosity and wonder, wherever I went. They frequently called me a God, and almost worshipped me, but I pointed them to JESUS.

After two months, they agreed to *live in peace with each other*; and before I left, they shook hands as *friends*, and the people who had been enemies for many years, were mingling, visiting, and trading, on terms of friendship and love—"and there was *great joy*" in that whole country, and showers of blessings were heaped upon me, for coming among them "*to make the country good*"—"to *hold this war*"—"to *stand top of this war*"—"to *go between us,*" etc. These are

the peculiar expressions they used when speaking of a person's making peace.

I found them anxious have missionaries come among them, to establish schools, preach the Gospel, and introduce the arts among them; but I could not stay, and I could not *promise* a missionary, for fear of *disappointing* them, which would be very bad. Oh! that many missionaries might *soon* be sent to that ripe and interesting field.

I can not write the *particulars* of all my peace meetings, and of the things I saw while in the Mendi country.

I came back to Tissana, and tarried a week or so, and had very interesting times. For two months I traveled *bare footed*, because my feet were so sore I could not wear shoes, and suffered exceedingly—but endured all cheerfully for the sake of doing Africa good—remembering how Jesus suffered for *us*. I came back much reduced, and feel almost worn out, by want of suitable food, my sickness, my hardships—but rejoice in *all*, whatever may be before me.

LETTER TWENTY-FIFTH.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM TUCKER.

DEAR CHILDREN: Though I am very weak, I will write one more short letter to you, before I start for my native land again. For such is the state of my health, it is decided best for me to return to America for a season; if possibly, I may regain my strength, and come back to the people I so much love.

As Wm. Tucker, one of my school boys, has written a letter to the Sabbath school where my father lives, at my request, I will send it to *you*, believing you will be interested in it. I think the same boy once wrote a letter to the Sabbath schools in America. You may recollect it. He says, "Dearly beloved brethren, I wish to see you very much. I would have come with Mr. Thompson to America, but I was not allowed to come. Why, and for what reasons, I know not.

"Dear friends, I pray to the Lord that He

may increase your faith and love in sending the Gospel to us here. Some of the children are trying to serve God, and are joining the church ; also, some of the men the same.

“Brethren, pray for us, that God may pour his holy spirit upon us, that we may be strengthened by the power of God to do His will. May God bless us in all our troubles and pains. I hope that none of you may be overtaken by a temptation, and fall into any state of sin. I pray God to deliver you and me too.

“Brethren and sisters, *pray* for us, that God may raise up *teachers* to send the Gospel forth. You are very kind in doing us good. Some of you deny yourselves, saying, “I will go *without* such and such good things, only give me these, (some pennies,) to send the gospel to the poor dying heathen ; and some work very hard to get money to send the glorious light to the heathen ! Oh ! when I think on all these things, I fall into such a *joy* towards you, that I want to come to America to *see* all such kind brothers and sisters.

“But though we never meet in this world, we hope to meet a joyful day. May God bless you all.

WILLIAM TUCKER.”

Now, children, what do you think of this boy's letter? He may be twelve or thirteen years of age, and learned to write since I came here. He can now read, write, cipher, tell much about geography, etc. He is a *very good* boy, and pleases me much. I wanted to take him to America, to learn many things, that he might be better able to teach his country people. You see, from his letter, he wishes to go with me, but many good friends in America think it would not be best. He would see so much wickedness there, much greater than he will ever see here, and so many friends would caress and praise him, and make so much of him, he might get proud and be spoiled; so I can not bring him, though you would all be glad to see him. If he lives, he will soon be able to preach the Gospel to the heathen, whom he pities much, and then he will do great good.

I wonder how many, who read this letter, will be willing to leave the foolish vanities of this fleeting, sinful world, and study and pray hard, to prepare to preach the Gospel to the poor dying heathen. Dear children, *think* much about them, and ask the Savior to let you labor for their salvation. Ask your parents to educate you for *missionaries*, and try to prepare for *this thing*, and not to make money, enjoy pleasure, etc.

I must stop, hoping soon to see many of you. Farewell.

A P P E N D I X .

DEAR CHILDREN: Through the loving mercy of our Savior I have been protected, amid the dangers of sea and land, till I have again enjoyed the society of my family and friends in our own beloved, highly favored country.

I have traveled much, and seen many of you, and talked about *Africa*, and written you some letters respecting things I have seen of children in my travels, and giving

you what information I have received from the children in Africa, including a number of their letters to you and me, etc. I will close my little book, by inserting these letters, hoping they may do you good, and that, in this permanent form, *many* dear children will see them for the first time, and be induced to think of the poor heathen, pray for them, and *labor* to make ALL MEN acquainted with JESUS CHRIST.

LETTER TWENTY-SIXTH.

INTERESTING CASES OF CHILDREN.

DEAR LITTLE ONES: It has been some time since you heard from me directly. Though I have nothing special to communicate about the children in Africa, yet I want to say a few words for your encouragement, about the children in *America*.

Little folks are very apt to think they can do nothing to help on the great enterprises of the day—they think this must be left to

those who are older, and have plenty of money. Little boy or girl, do not thus conclude too hastily, for I wish to speak of a way, by which *you*, however young, may do *something*, yea, much more than thousands much older, are doing.

It rejoices my heart, as I go about the country pleading for Africa, to find the hearts of so many of the *children* enlisted to do *much* to save the benighted. God has done much for us, and we should try to do all we can, in every way, for him and his cause. Some *go* to Africa, (and I hope many of *you* will yet go,) others *give* to send missionaries, Bibles, and salvation.

You may say, "Well those who have large farms, or shops, or stores, and are making money fast, may give; but I have no money and can't get any, except what my parents or friends give me." Wait a little and see. True, you can not go out to work by the day, you can not wash, mend, or make clothes; you can not plough, hoe, saw, reap, rake, bind, thresh, chop wood, or drive team, etc., etc., but yet you can do something, if you very

much *desire* to do good. Now *do* you wish to be useful? Do you say, "I would be glad to do any thing, to deny myself, to work, or even to *suffer*, if I could help save the perishing heathen?" That's right. That's noble. Now, little one, hark, while I tell you what *others* are doing.

First. In Ohio, a father gave his little daughter a *dollar* to buy a *doll* with, (and you know the little girls all like dolls,) but she heard of the poor Africans, and she went to her mother and said, "I won't have that doll? You may take this dollar and give it to send the Gospel to Africa, and I will go without my doll." What a noble spirit? How happy she must have felt.

Second. Another very small girl, in the same place, gave me ten cents to buy a Testament with for an African boy, which *I did*, and he read and thought much of his Testament and the girl. She got her money by *going without butter*, willing to deny herself for the sake of doing others good; so the Bible teaches us.

Third. A little boy and girl in Connecticut,

gave me a dollar a piece for Africa, which they got by going without *sugar*, etc., a year.

Fourth. In New York, a small boy gave me a dollar. He said, "I told mother if she would give me *sixpence a week*, I would go without butter." She did so and he got his dollar; and his young sister got a half-dollar in the same way, which she gave me to send the Gospel to Africa.

Fifth. In Ohio, a small girl heard me talk about the African children, and went home and said to her mother, "Mother, will you give me twenty cents if I will go without butter a month?" "Yes." And she commenced eating her dry bread. One day when she was going away, and wanted something to eat, her mamma forgot and brought her a piece of *bread and butter*—the little girl said, "Why mother, I can't eat this; if I should eat this, you would not give me my twenty cents: I don't want it." And her mother gave her a piece of *dry bread*. She got her money, and when I next came along, she came running out, rejoicing in the ability and *opportunity* to do something, *herself*,

to save the heathen. Noble girl! How *sweet* the dry bread and cold water must taste to such a soul! "Sweeter than honey, or the honey comb."

Sixth. In Long Island, a very small boy asked, "Father, will you give me eighteen pence if I will go without butter two weeks?" "Yes." He went without, and got his money, then went out and bought some calico, and had a little *dress* made for an African child, that she might be able to attend school. I saw that little boy and the dress; and oh! how happy he felt in the thought that *he* too could *do good* and help to save the world! Blessed privilege!

Seventh. In the same place, another little boy, about five years old, said, "Father, can't *I* do something for Jesus?" "I suppose you can, my son; we should all try to do all we can." The little lad was excessively fond of *sugar*, and was always climbing up on the chairs, to get into the sugar bowl. *He* said, "Father, will you give me eighteen pence if I will go without *sugar* two weeks?" "Yes, my child, but you *can't do it.*" "Will you

try me, father?" "Yes." And the little fellow would *look* at the sugar bowl, as he passed it, but he persevered and *denied* himself, got his money, went and bought some cloth, and brought it to his mother, saying, "Now mother you *cut it out*, just about large enough for me, and show me how to sew, and I will sew it!" She did so and the little child *sewed it himself!!* Brave, happy boy.

Eighth. Another little boy there, bought a *Bible* to send to Africa. He got his money by going without butter a month. That Bible was presented to me in the presence of hundreds of Sabbath school children, and we shall send it to *Africa*, and who can tell how much good it may accomplish? "Cast thy bread upon the waters."

Ninth. A very little girl, in the same place, went without butter a month, and bought a Bible and sent it to Africa. She may never go herself, but her *influence* will be felt in that dark land for much good.

Tenth. In Ohio, two little brothers and a sister heard Wm. Tucker's letter read (the last letter before this) in meeting. They

said, "We will *support* him while he goes to school, and help to prepare him to preach the Gospel?" It takes twenty-five dollars a year. How can those three children raise *twenty-five dollars* a year? They are going to *deny* themselves, *save* their pennies, sixpences, etc., and *work* at raising potatoes and other things, *and they will do it*, there is no doubt.

Many other little ones have given me their pennies to send the gospel to benighted Africa.

And now, what little boy or girl will ever feel, or say again, "I can't do any thing?" Oh! my dear children, if you are willing to do like the children above mentioned, you can do much, much more than many *rich* men do, and God will bless you in it. Give your *own* hearts to Christ, then pray, and labor, and do all you *can* to save the perishing and destitute. Good bye.

LETTER TWENTY-SEVENTH.

LETTER FROM WM. TUCKER.

DEAR LITTLE FRIENDS: You who have read the *American Missionary*, will recollect the name of William Tucker, and some of his letters. My twenty-fifth letter contained one from William, to the Sabbath school in Jersey, Ohio. Two little boys there *answered* his letter. William was glad to get letters from children in this country, and here follows his *reply* to one of them. The writing is very business-like and good.

MENDI MISSION.

“MY DEAR ORIN B. THOMPSON: (My nephew,) I write these few lines, hoping to find you in a state of good health. Thanks be to God for all his kindness shown in Africa; that when I was in darkness I cried unto Him, and He *answered* my prayer. [Ah! full well I remember that night, never to be forgotten by me, so glorious, by the rich displays of God's mercy and grace in saving precious, anxious souls. The day was one

of the right hand of God; the place was vocal with prayer in every direction, and sinners were crying for mercy. In the evening, as I went into my room, after being out a few minutes, William, with another boy, was on his knees weeping and crying unto *Him* who hears prayer. As he arose he said to me, with deep feeling, "I feel something tell me if I no get God to forgive my sins to-night, I *never* shall." He was fully resolved not to sleep till he found JESUS a SAVIOR; and glory to God, he answered his prayer, and pured light and peace into his benighted, troubled bosom. And since that time he has been a studious, thoughtful, growing Christian. Oh! that every young reader could feel as little William Tucker felt! G. T.] I give my whole time to Him. I want Him to strengthen my faith, and teach me to do His will. I have no father in this world, but one, that is JESUS CHRIST. [Happy child, with such a friend on whom to lean for comfort and support. G. T.] He was taken from prison; He was led as a lamb, dumb before His shearers; and is not that

enough to melt our hearts to tears, to see the Son of God in distress? [Alas! how many of my readers hear every Sabbath, and every day, about the sufferings of the Son of God for them, and never shed a tear! Oh! dear children, let not the *heathen* rise up in the judgment to condemn you; but give your hearts to Jesus. G. T.] My dear, let us run the race to see the Savior of us. I want you, when grown up to be a man, to labor in *Africa*, for I love you so much, though I am in *Africa* and you in *Jersey*. [How many of my readers will labor in *Africa* as missionaries? But you must first love the Lord and serve Him yourselves, and then you can labor and pray for others. G. T.] If I never shall see you, *all is well*. I attended (began) the school in 1847, and in the end there was *war* so much that all of us could not attend the school, until the glorious God sent us missionaries. But before the missionary came, there was a scarcity of *food*, and because of the war, the people first began to carry away their children, by one and one, and so (they wished to do) with me,

but I refused to go and leave the mission. My dear, may God bless you for all your kindness to me, for I am not able to reward you; but because I take *God to be my FATHER*, He will reward you in lieu of me, and He will do thee more good than I can think of. [Happy boy! Blessed confidence in God! What a Father! Oh! dear children, have *you* this God for *your* Father? Do you love Him, pray to Him, trust Him, please Him? G. T.] One thing I wish to know from you: if you are old enough, will you come to *Africa* and labor together with me! If you will, when you write, please state it in your letter. All the children greet thee. May God bless us. Your favorite friend,

“WILLIAM TUCKER, JUN.”

Now, *dear children*, would you like a letter from a little African boy or girl? Well, then, do you write to them, and I think they will answer it. But you must be careful, and think hard, and write well, or the children who have just received the light, will excel you. Don't let the little colored children do that. It would make me

ashamed to talk to them about the children in America. They would like to get letters from you, and I hope Sabbath school children here will open, and keep up, a correspondence with the children there. It will do both good. A little boy in *Bangor* has written. Who else will write? * I have other letters I will give you soon.

P. S. When you write to Africa, always put in your letters, definite instructions how to direct *their letters to you*—town, county, State.

G. T.

* When you write, put the direction on, "Mendi Mission, Africa, care of Geo. Whipple, 48 Beekman street, New-York," and he will forward it to Africa.

LETTER TWENTY-EIGHTH.

LETTER FROM WM. TUCKER, AND
MORE INTERESTING CASES.

DEAR CHILDREN: I am glad to see so many of you interested in my poor letters to you. I hope they will do you good in leading you to give *your own* hearts to Christ, and to live to do good to others. We should not live for ourselves.

I will now tell you a little about African children and American, that you may labor for one, and imitate the other.

In Africa, the children are learning. They now study spelling, reading, writing, geography, arithmetic, grammar, philosophy, astronomy, etc. And oh! how *beautifully* some of them write! William Tucker has written me another letter, which I know you will like to read, and I will copy it for you. The hand-writing is very fine.

"MENDI MISSION, Oct. 15, 1851.

"MY DEAR SIR: I write you this letter hoping you are quite well. We hope to see you again, by-and-by. Last time you wrote to us advising us to pray always; so it is with me. I am trying to love God, and do His will—this I pray to God for. Pray for the children, always. *You* know what temptations they had, one of another, when you was here, so I need not tell you. I love God, and study my Bible, and try to tell my companions about Christ; but I can not say that is enough for me. [See Luke 17, 10. G. J.] Oh! pray for me also, that I may love God more and more.

"Give my best compliments to your wife and children. Your beloved son,

"WM. BROOKS TUCKER."

You see he has an addition to his name, since he wrote last. The reason is this: there are a number of Wm. Tucker's in the school, and to *distinguish* them, Mr. Brooks gave William his own name, for a middle name.

Now, more about the little boys and girls, in this country, who are denying themselves to do good to the poor heathen. You know, in one of my letters, I mentioned quite a number of interesting cases of children. Since then I have met with more.

First. In Massachusetts, a little girl, about seven years old, loved the heathen and wished to do something *herself*, with *her own hands*, to help them. But she was young, sickly, and poor, and what could she do? Ah! "where there's a will there's a way." She got some old paper, and worked till she made a quantity of little *lamp-lighters*, and then she walked all around through the town, from store to store, from house to house, and *sold* them for *fifty cents*! which money she rejoiced to put in the missionary box. How noble she looked! How every body loved her for such a desire to do good! Again: her father gave her a *sled*; but while others loved to spend their time riding down hill, she was willing to *deny* herself, and asked her father if she might *sell* it. He said "yes," and she sold it for thirty-seven and

a half cents, and gave me the money to send the Gospel to Africa. Lovely girl!

Second. In Massachusetts, four small boys gave one dollar and sixty-four cents, which they received for going without butter, sugar, etc. Oh! how their little faces beamed with gladness and joy, as they gave it to me, and told me how they obtained it. And it will do *them* very great good.

Third. In New Hampshire, many of the children had organized themselves into a Missionary Society, and each paid in a little money, regularly, to get a fund on hand, to give whenever there should be a call. They heard me talk about Africa, and *emptied their treasury*.

Fourth. In Connecticut, a very small boy, only four and a half years old, was in the Sabbath school, and heard me talk. He went home, and asked his papa if he would give him twelve and a half cents a week, for three weeks, if he would not eat any butter. He said, "Yes." And the father told me that if his little boy *did* hold on the three weeks, he meant to give him a silver dollar!

If self-denial, to do good, is so pleasing to an *earthly* father, how much *more* to our HEAVENLY FATHER, who has said, "Whosoever he be of you, that would come after me, let him DENY HIMSELF, take up his cross daily, and follow me."

Fifth. In the same town, were a little brother and sister, able to read. They proposed to their father to go without *tea, coffee, and sugar*, for one dollar and twenty cents a year, each. He accepted the offer; and when I was there, they gave me two dollars and forty cents, which they obtained in that way, and it made them very happy. They loved the missionary and the heathen very much.

Sixth. In Long Island, is a small boy, who heard me talk in a Sabbath school. He immediately proposed to his father to go without butter for sixpence a week. His papa agreed to it, and he has been rejoicing in the privilege of doing something, *himself*, for the poor Africans. A few days ago, he took his money, and bought *eight Testaments*,

(he has since bought many more,) to send to the African children.

Oh! how his eyes sparkled, as I met him in a morning prayer meeting, when he told me what he had been doing! And how glad, think you, will those children in Africa be to read those Testaments, especially when they are told how they were obtained for them! I *know* how glad and eager they are to get Testaments, and little books.

But I have written enough now. I don't ask you to do as these children are doing, unless you really *wish* to do so, and count it a great *pleasure* and privilege. But I do want you to *love* JESUS, and live to *do good*, and then we shall meet above, with many of the heathen, who may be saved through our labors and self-denials. Oh! happy day! May we all meet there.

LETTER TWENTY-NINTH.

LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN IN
AFRICA.

DEAR CHILDREN: It has been a long time since I wrote to you, not because I have lost my interest in you, but because I have been so busy traveling and talking about Africa.

Since I last wrote, I have continued to receive letters from the dear children in Africa, some of which I now send you in the *American Missionary*, so that you *all* can have the pleasure of reading letters from the little black children, away in Africa.

William Tucker again writes to me:

“MENDI MISSION.

“MY DEAR MINISTER: Since we have been parted, I have not received any letter from you, save one, which we received together, (to all the children,) and a small piece on one side for me and Abraham.

“For my part, I will not neglect to write to you at any convenient time, because I like to tell you my feelings, and how the Lord hath dealt with me. I have heard that your *wife* is coming out with you. If it is true, I shall be very glad. Our brother Abraham has forsaken the mission, and gone to his father's place. He tried once to get me to go away from the mission, but I did not heed him. I told him, ‘Abraham, how can you say such things as these? The Mission is educating you; it feeds you, clothes you, and your father is paying nothing; for what purpose should you go away?’ He gave me no answer. * * *

“I will close with many wishes for your welfare, and that of your wife. Good bye, dear teacher. May we live to be the children of God.

“WILLIAM BROOKS TUCKER.”

Another little boy, younger than William, and in the same class, has written me his first letter. The writing is very good.

"MENDI MISSION.

"MY DEAR PASTOR: I hope you are well, and all your family. When (after) you were gone away, about four or five months, Mr. Brooks hired an interpreter, from Mr. Beale's church, (in Freetown,) who always goes to class with us, and speaks the unsearchable riches of Christ. William and I stay with Mr. Tefft. My feelings are to serve the Lord, and to be a minister to the poor heathen around us, in the interior; because they are destitute of the Gospel of the Son of God. The mission building is going on very well. They are building houses for the boys. That old house you left here was not good; so they are breaking down the walls, and building new houses for the boys, as fast as they can.

"Give my best compliments to the committee. Will you be pleased to tell them I want to go to America and get an education; and from there return to Africa, to teach my brethren and sisters the acceptable Gospel of Christ. [We do not think it best for him to come.]

"Please give the school boys' and girls' compliments to the Sabbath school children in America. They thank them very much for their kindness to them, in sending clothes for them, providing food, etc. Mr. Tefft has hired a young man from Freetown, who teaches the school. He teaches the second, third, and fourth classes. Rev. J. C. Tefft is the teacher of William, Kalifah, and me. We study *grammar, physiology, astronomy, Adams' and Colburn's Arithmetic, and Leavitt's Third Reading Book.*

"Permit me to inform you about one of our schoolmates who was caught by a tremendous large *alligator*. As the boys were washing, swimming, and diving under the water, the alligator got hold of his foot, and finally broke his foot and ankle bone. [The boy was not killed. As the alligator caught hold of his foot, the boy caught hold of the side of a canoe, held fast, and cried for help; but before help arrived, the alligator had broken his ankle, and now has a crooked foot. This is the *first* case of any one's

being caught by an alligator, at the Mission, though the river is full of them, and our boys are playing in the water much of the time. G. T.] My little brother, William J. Anderson's compliments to you and your wife.

“I am your pupil,
“JAMES R. ANDERSON.”

Dear children, these little boys will soon be prepared to teach and preach the Gospel, (by the time they are old enough.) A little while ago, they were *heathen*, in midnight darkness. Now they love the Savior, and wish to spread abroad his name. *Your* money—the pennies you are contributing every Sabbath—helps thus to educate and prepare them for doing good. Who will not be encouraged to pray and do all they can—*all we can*, children?

P. S. Before you hear from me again, I hope to be on my way to *Africa*, with my wife and two little boys, and many dear missionaries, who are going to labor for the salvation of those of whom it has been said,

“They can’t *learn* any thing; you can’t make any thing of them.” But let them show the *pale faces* who learn faster, or who can write better letters, or who promise fairer for great usefulness. Let us redouble our efforts to save them.

LETTER THIRTIETH.

LETTERS FROM WILLIAM B. TUCKER.

LITTLE William is quite a letter-writer. How many of my readers can write letters as well? He has written again to my nephew in Ohio, copies of which I will now send you, knowing you will be glad.

“MY DEAR ORIN B. THOMPSON: I write this letter, hoping you are quite well. Last time I wrote to you, but since that time, the Lord was working in me, by His holy spirit, and has shown me the danger of sin, and that *He* only will save all who come to Him by faith. I feel in my heart that I love you, though far from each other. Yes, I feel that I *love* you. I feel that it is *God* who has given me such heart to love. I pray He may give me a heart to love *all*, so I may rejoice, because it is said ‘We are

passing from death unto life, because we love the brethren.'

"I want you to pray for me, that God may *increase* a love between us, and I hope when you are old enough, we may labor together in the field of God. If you agree to that, I want you to write to me about it, and I will pray the Lord to make us useful.

"Sometimes I feel in my heart something talking to me about *after life*, that I may be prepared for death; and sometimes I feel that I must soon *leave* this body below; and if unprepared, I shall forever die, which always leads me to pray to God. One thing which always leads me to God, is this: I think if I have *no father*, who then will plead for me? And because I have no father, I choose JESUS CHRIST to be my father—a father in this world of sin, and a father forever in Heaven. Pray for me.

"Your beloved brother in Christ,

"WM. B. TUCKER.

Oh! that all my readers would have suitable thoughts of "*after life*," and seek to be very useful, that they may be prepared for death. Dear child, can *you* look up to Jesus Christ, and feel that you have chosen Him as *your Father* here and hereafter?

Another letter, written to Orin, follows—

"MY DEAR BELOVED FRIEND: I will never forget the many things which you have done for me. I will always pray the Lord to bless you, and make you His servant indeed, to do His will, and be a missionary to the poor Africans, to preach to them the truths of the everlasting Gospel, which, if believed, is life eternal, but without it, there is no life.

"The Lord has been so merciful to me, in sparing me to write to you once more, as a brother would speak to his brother. I would like to see you very much, and converse with you about the goodness of God to us, and about the state of our hearts in the sight of the Lord. For my own feelings, I would serve the Lord with all my heart,

and soul, and strength, through Jesus Christ, who directed me (to himself) by His holy spirit.

“Please give my best love to your friends, and to your mother, and accept a great deal for yourself. *God be with you*, is the sincere desire of your friend.

‘WILLIAM BROOKS TUCKER.’”

The following letter was written to me, after his return from a trip into the interior, with Mr. Brooks. Every child will read it with interest, and be stimulated to labor more zealously for the heathen.

“MY DEAR SIR: I write you this letter, for an answer of your letter, and for telling you the state of my heart. As I heard the exhortation which you made to us, I pondered it in my heart, as the words of a dear missionary, and I will never forget them.

As I have told you before, I have given my heart to the Savior, and promised to be a *minister* to my country people; and I am

trying all I can to *prepare*, that I may be the better fitted for it.

“My heart feels that I must look to God above, to be my director and my father in every thing. He has saved me from death, and from war, and has given us the Gospel, Bibles, and missionaries to preach to us the cross of Christ, that we might believe in Him, and that by believing we might be the servants of God.

“I, and Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Tefft were gone to Mendi country, two hundred and twenty-five miles from the Mission, for the purpose of establishing a Mission there.
* * * * The fourth night, we slept at *N-jarmah*, where I was desired, by Mr. Brooks, to preach to the people in *Mendi*. I read the first chapter of Genesis, and explained to them; after that the second, and explained to them. I told them of the *creation* of every thing—of *man*, and the *fall* of man—how man was to be *punished*, and how JESUS CHRIST CAME AND DIED for them—and that He requires nothing but

that they must give Him their *hearts* only, and *love*, and KEEP HIS COMMANDMENTS.

“I will close with many wishes for your welfare, and that of your friends. Give my love to your wife, and accept a great deal for yourself. Good bye, dear pastor. From your beloved one in the Gospel. [Yes, indeed, a *beloved* one he is.]

“WM. BROOKS TUCKER.”

Who will say that our labor is in vain? Who is disposed to be discouraged? Let them read over these letters, and remember that they are written by those who have just merged “out of darkness,” into the light of the glorious Gospel. There is *no cause* for discouragement, in the least, but much to *encourage* every child, and every christian, and every lover of humanity, to labor zealously, and with untiring perseverance, for the complete regeneration of Africa.

Let us each, daily, cry: “Lord, what wilt Thou have *me* to do?” And, “whatsoever our hands find to do, do it with our *might*,” remembering that “the-*night* cometh wherein no man can work.”

LETTER THIRTY-FIRST.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM TO HIS
BROTHERS.

The following letter should have been introduced before, but I now insert it, as it is too good to be omitted.

William is the youngest of a large family, of whom HARRY TUCKER is the oldest brother. William wrote them this letter, out of the fullness of his love for their souls.

“DEAR BROTHERS: My feeling is to love the Lord. I feel to ask you since you heard Jesus Christ died for you, to *love* Him now. He is ready to forgive all who come to Him. And when you come to Him, forsake all evil thoughts, and lying, and pride, etc. He said we may come to Him without money, without any thing; only *our hearts* He wants. He said, ‘My son give all thy heart to me.’ He does not ask any price; but if He *were* to ask money,

you would give Him. But now He has said, 'Come to me *without* any price,' will you come, and believe on Him, and save your souls? Come now, and let us go together and die in the Lord.

"Brothers, here is one of the *most wicked* things. The God of heaven and earth commands us, saying, 'We must *not* BUY *any slave*, FOR WE ARE ALL BORN FREE.' He said *we must not* MAKE *one another slaves*, for we are ALL OF ONE FATHER, EVEN GOD. Brethren, I would not talk much with you, only these things I *spea*k; I say *the* TRUTH, IN GOD—I LIE NOT. If you *believe* these words, and forsake all your evil ways, and pray to God, He will forgive you, for He said He will pity all those who come to Him, in the name of His Son, Jesus Christ.

"Brethren, the Lord will not have you sinning against Him, all the time buying slaves, and committing sins. May the grace of the Lord, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with us forever. Amen.

"FROM WILLIAM TUCKER."

What a letter is this! It is written to *kings*—for all his brothers are chiefs and kings. They are *slaveholders*, and have long been engaged in the *slave trade*. Yet how *plainly*, how *distinctly*, *unequivocally*, *fearlessly* he speaks the truth on the “very exciting subject.” He is *positive*, and can appeal to *God* as to the truth of what he said, let come what might. Alas! how many in this highly-favored land, educated, *professing Christians*, and MINISTERS, say, and boldly maintain, that it is *not* a very bad thing for one man to hold his brother as a *slave*, and many can even say it is *right*, yea, blasphemously say that the BIBLE justifies the abominable system! While a poor child, just merged from the deep darkness of heathenism, (though born and brought up in the midst of slavery and the slave trade,) can say that it is one of the “MOST WICKED THINGS” which the “*God of heaven and earth* commands” us to put away, and to love all men as *brethren of the same family*, of whom *God is the FATHER!!!* Pity for those who live in the

midst of the light, and yet shut their eyes against it. Surely, the heathen will "rise up in judgment to condemn them." The Lord hasten the day when *all* men shall feel and act as brethren, and love and do each other good.

LETTER THIRTY-SECOND.

MY FAREWELL — LAST LETTER
FROM WILLIAM B. T.

DEAR CHILDREN: Expecting to sail for *Africa* to-morrow, I hasten to leave my parting letter to you, hoping to renew our acquaintance when God shall permit me to dwell among the sable sons of that despised land again.

I am *happy* in leaving my country and friends; I am happy that so many are going with me; (a company of eight) I am happy to have found such a warm interest, among the children and others, everywhere I have been for the last two years; I am happy in the assurance that we shall be followed by so many prayers and good wishes, and that we shall be *sustained* by the churches and Sabbath schools of our much beloved land; and I am happy that now my dear wife and two children are going with me, though we

can not tell how soon we may be parted by death. "The will of the Lord be done," concerning us.

I have received another letter from William to S. S., which I give you.

"HAW MENDI MISSION.

"BELOVED BRETHREN :—Long ago I wrote to you, informing me of the Lord's dealings with me, and was intending to write to you again, but was hindered. I have not heard from you, nor you from me, but I am very thankful to God for permitting me to write to you once more, and will be thankful if my letter shall meet you in a state of good health. The Lord has been, and is with me still. He hath not forsaken me, nor left me to Afric's pernicious ways, but has sent us dear missionaries to teach us the way to heaven.

"Brethren : The field is *wide*, and vast numbers of children, as young as we, while we enjoy the privilege of going to school and of reading God's word, do not

know the Savior who died for them that they might live.

“Souls are calling, as it were, upon Christians, for *relief to save them before it be too late*. We might have been left in the same way, but God, in His mercifulness, hath, through you, given us the Gospel. We thank you, and pray to God for you, that He may bless you and make you his dear children, to do His will and to labor in this part of Africa for the conversion of souls unto God. Oh! pray for our *parents* and friends, that God may hasten the time when they shall receive the Gospel, and have schools, and teachers, or ministers, among them. Our school is going on very well. The Lord bless you.

“Yours, in love,

“WILLIAM B. TUCKER.”

Dear children and friends of Africa: You see what William says of the vastness of the field, and the importance of sending the Gospel which they have received, into the region around. Will you not believe that

Africa is calling on *you* to help her? Oh! listen to this cry from one of her *own* sons, who feels that he has been greatly blessed by you, and now wishes all his brothers and sisters in darkness to enjoy the same blessings. Shall they *not* have them?

Beloved, forget not to pray for these African children and for all the missionaries, while we go to toil and suffer, and perhaps die, for the benighted. *Farewell.*

CONCLUSION.

While I return to spend my remaining powers in doing what I can for the elevation and salvation of Africa, I desire to leave a few words of concluding appeal to my brethren in the ministry, and to Christians of every name and place with especial reference to *Africa*.

A P P E A L .

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN THE LORD: Africa presents before us a wide-spread, ripening, and promising field. Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God, and the Christian world, for the blessed *Gospel* which we profess and love. Never was the field so inviting and promising; never such a need of a multitude of men and women to preach and exemplify the Gospel in this land as *now*. The fields are "white already to the harvest," but alas! "the laborers are

few." Oh! when I look upon the rich, golden harvest, calling for a multitude of laborers immediately, I feel as if I could scarcely contain myself. I want to fly in every direction, to establish schools and stations, and "publish salvation," and everywhere "say amongst the heathen *The Lord reigneth.*" But I have but one tongue, and one pair of feet and hands, and must, in the name of bleeding, pleading Africa, call for *help*. The field is *open*. We can go any where, in every direction, and they are ready and glad to hear of "Jesus and Him crucified." They are *calling* for us in some places almost ready to quarrel as to who shall have the missionary first. They want schools; yea more, they want the knowledge of a *Savior*, and never, since the days of the apostles, was there a missionary field more ripe, interesting and promising, than the continent of *Africa*. Others are important, and must be occupied, but Africa must *not* be longer neglected. The providence of God, the "signs of the times," all urge on us the importance, the *duty*, to arise *at once*

and give to the hundreds of millions of precious souls in this long neglected land, the blessings of the *Gospel*. The day of her redemption has come. *GOD is at work, Africa is waking up*, and what are *we* doing? Are we watching and ready to be “workers together with God?” We *have the Gospel*, and it is enjoined on us by our Savior, “Freely ye have received, *freely give*.” Will we *not* give the Gospel to those in darkness, and who are calling for light? They are pleading; shall they be disappointed? In all their darkness and degradation, superstition and idolatry, Afric’s million are crying “COME OVER AND HELP US.” *Kings* and their people importune. The multitude of *children* in our schools plead that we will send out more teachers. Those dear *converts* who have just merged out of darkness into the glorious light, are pleading for more missionaries to spread the joyful news far and wide. Crushed, worn, suffering and dying *missionaries*, lift up their feeble, faltering voice, and beg us to send *speedy* help before they all fall. Ah! those loved ones

who *have fallen* plead too — their devotion to the work, their love of Africa, and desire to save her sinking millions, their joy and triumph in death, their exhortations to surviving friends, "*Be not discouraged.*" "LET A THOUSAND FALL BEFORE AFRICA BE GIVEN UP." All plead that we will not hold back, but hasten to the rescue. Yes, and God, our captain, calls, "WHOM SHALL I SEND, AND WHO WILL GO FOR US?"

Now, beloved, are these calls heeded? Some are ready to *go*, and the number should be greatly increased *and they should be well SUSTAINED, by those who do not go.* Is it not true?

Brethren in the ministry, who of you will urge upon your people a great *increase* of effort—of *self-denial*, if necessary? Much, very much, depends upon your faithfulness, or unfaithfulness, in the discharge of this duty. If you are faithful, many, under your influence, will *go*, and those who do not, will *help others* to go, and pray for them. If you are unfaithful, it will be difficult to

get the missionaries needed, those who go will not be sustained, and the heathen will sink down in darkness, and rise up in the judgment to condemn you. Fearful responsibility!

And what dear reader will make a *continual* effort to awaken the missionary spirit, bring out laborers, and raise funds to roll on the great work which is begun?

As missionaries, we ask not for a great salary, a fat living, a splendid mansion—no. But we *do* ask, and we think rightly, for “food and raiment,” while we spend all our strength to rescue the perishing—we ask for *comfortable houses* in Africa’s sickly climate. (It is thought that many of our dear missionaries have *died* for the want of them, and it is all laid to the account of the *climate*, when the guilt lies nearer *home*—in the neglect of the churches at home to do their part of the work.) We ask not for such houses as many of you enjoy; but for a shelter from the pelting storms of a six months’ rainy season, and from the scorching beams of a tropical sun the remainder of the year—

we plead for a retreat from crawling serpents, and swarms of troublesome and poisonous insects and reptiles, which everywhere flood the Equatorial regions. Give us this, and we are satisfied. Is it too much? Is it an unreasonable request? Do not the good of the missionaries, the welfare of Africa, and the glory of God, demand it? Are there not *many* who, individually, could furnish sufficient means to build a house in Africa, as well as here? They can build houses, and build houses here, *to rent*—why not build a number in Africa, and rent them to the Lord? Would not God be pleased? Would not your own conscience approbate? Would not the example stimulate others, and *thus* do much good? And would you not be *blessed* in your work?

Will not one, two, or more, join, and say “We will build a house to accommodate, at least, a man and his wife. If they are willing to leave all, and go to that benighted land, to labor, suffer, and die, we will do all we can for their comfort, while they thus wear themselves out for others?”

Who will pay the passage of a missionary to Africa—one hundred dollars? Who will support a native teacher—fifty to one hundred dollars a year? Who will educate one or more children in the school—twenty-five dollars each, a year? And who will give “according to their ability”—as “God hath prospered them?”

There must also be chapels and school houses built, etc., etc. Work enough for *every one*, great or small, rich or poor, at home or abroad; only let there be “*a mind to the work.*”

Oh! Christian, let a sense of *personal* responsibility come home to your heart. Seriously inquire, “Lord, what wilt Thou have *me* to do?” And what your hand findeth to do, do with your might, for the heathen are rapidly perishing. Probably they are dying at the rate of twenty-six millions, two hundred and eighty thousand, a year! Seventy-two thousand, a day!! Three thousand, an hour!!! Fifty, a minute!!!! Is it any time for sleeping?—for self-indulgence?—for worldly ease?—for

foolish pleasure?—Oh! ponder the relation we sustain to these heathen, the obligations resting upon you to impart to them, what God has given you, and the command of your *Savior*, to give His Gospel to “EVERY CREATURE.” When? Do you not see that you must do it *quick*, or the generation of *your* day and times will be beyond the reach of Christian effort? And if *we* of this generation, do not give the Gospel to the *present generation* of heathen, our children can not, and they will be *lost*; but where will rest their blood? Can we *not* do it? There are “men and means” in *abundance*, only let them be consecrated to the work, and the Gospel shall *soon* spread over the world.

Wait not one for another—*act*. Wait not for an agent—*act yourself*. Confer among yourselves, and pour into the Lord’s treasury your hundreds and thousands, that none need be kept back, and that the wheels may not, in any way, be clogged for want of money.

Oh! Lord “let *Thy kingdom come*, and *Thy will be done on earth as in heaven*.”

Awaken *all* Thy people, thus to pray, and live, and labor in accordance therewith, that Thy name may be “exalted among the heathen,” and Thy glory fill the earth, for Jesus’ sake. Amen.

Finally, beloved friends, we now go to a land of darkness, to spread abroad the light we here enjoy. Let me ask you, if we find ripe fields, open doors, an eager people to receive the light, and go forward in the establishment of *new* schools and stations, as God seems to indicate, *will you stand by us? Will you hold up our hands? Will you multiply laborers, and supply means, followed up with earnest, persevering prayer for God’s blessing?* Methinks I hear you answer, with emphasis “WE WILL. *Go forward, led by the Spirit, and follow the leadings of Providence, being ‘laborers together with God,’ and you SHALL BE SUSTAINED.*” Glory to God!

We shall there meet with trials, sufferings, and, perhaps, death, but it will be a great comfort, consolation, and support, to know that thousands are *praying for us*.

But the vessel is *ready*, and we must be going! Yes, glory to Jesus! *going* to my loved and longed-for field of labor—to the people who are so dear to me To you whom I have *seen*, adieu. To all whom I have not seen I can say I have done what I *could* to see you, but time and strength failed, and we must say, *Amen*.

May the blessing of God attend us in life, make us abundantly useful, and finally may we meet above, with many souls, as stars in the crown of our rejoicing. Your friend,
and brother, GEO. THOMPSON.

TO FEMALE BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

IN traveling about the country, I have been very often questioned as to the *kinds* of clothing we need in *Africa* for our school. For the sake of *permanency*, I will answer the questions here, for all.

First. The clothing for *children* should be for ages varying from six to eighteen years, the larger proportion being for about from ten to fifteen years. No more *baby* clothes are needed.

For *girls*, we need *loose* dresses, (fashionably-shaped dresses will be of no use whatever, except to cut up.) They may be with either short, or long sleeves. Good, sensible country mothers will know what is needed

for a warm country, better than I can tell them. We want all made *plain and strong*, of such form that the girls can easily learn to make their own. Of under dresses, they wear but a single one, made loose and strong. Plain sun-bonnets, (made so they will fold,) and cotton handkerchiefs for head dresses, will be useful and acceptable.

For *boys*, pantaloons, without suspenders, with a hem and string about the top; or with suspenders *sewed on behind*, to button in front—of strong cloth, either blue, white, striped, or any fast color. Also *shirts* with long or short sleeves, but with bodies much *longer* than the usual proportion for boys in America. Much of the time, when not in school, they only wear a shirt, and it should be made to come down to, or below the knees. (A long shirt is the usual dress for boys in Sierra Leone.) Plain, cheap coats and vests would not be refused.

Second. ADULTS.—For women, we want large, loose dresses, such as may be worn by persons differing considerably in size. I

have never been able to find a dress large enough in the *arms and armholes* for some of the women, who have been eager to have one, but were disappointed, because those sent were made "*to fit*" some particular form and size. They also want underclothes.

For *men*, summer pantaloons, vests, and coats, cheap and strong. Large shirts, white or striped, plain, and *long*. We need *many* of this kind. They are good for buying rice, potatoes, etc., and in paying workmen; and we wish to introduce *our* mode of dress among them, towards which they are becoming more favorable. I think there is no danger of getting too many plain, cheap, strong shirts, and pantaloons of this kind, of various colors.

We do not need, at present, any quilts—if they shall be needed hereafter we can make it known.

Good coarse, cheap and strong *woolen* pantaloons are called for in the rainy season.

Different colored *thread* can be thrown in—buttons, pins, needles, scissors, etc.

I hope the above may be sufficiently definite—if not, write to us in Africa, and we will answer.

GEO. THOMPSON.

LINES TO AFRICA.

1. My soul has oft compassion felt,
For those who long in gloom have dwelt,
And unto senseless idols knelt,
In Africa.
2. How hast thou been oppressed and spoiled,
And 'midst unnumbered sorrows toiled,
At sound of which our hearts recoiled,
Oh! Africa.
3. Thy sons and daughters, from thee torn,
Have been to distant countries borne,
In deepest agony to mourn,
Oh! Africa.
4. The nations joined in dread array,
To bear thy gentle sons away,
As if thou wast their lawful prey,
Oh! Africa.
5. But can there be devised no way,
By which we can thy wrongs repay,
And heal thy bleeding wounds? Oh! say,
Wronged Africa.
6. "Ye nations of the earth, you ne'er
Can heal the wounds inflicted here,
Nor wash your skirts from *blood-stains* clear
Of Africa.
7. Yet this request you sure can give,
Come teach us how our *souls* shall live,
And we will freely *all forgive*,
In Africa."

8. They ask, and God requires it too,
That we this much for them should do,
And haste to spread salvation through,
All Africa.
9. Let their petitions reach our heart,
And haste you on to slavery's mart,
The richest blessings to impart,
To Africa.
10. Think how you have by her been blest;
With dainties fed, and richly drest,
The earnings of the poor oppress,
Of Africa.
11. Think how they've suffered for your sake,
'Mid groans, and tears, and labors great,
And will you *not* the gospel take,
To Africa?
12. Upon some lofty mountain hight,
Or plains that stretch beyond the sight,
We'll joy to labor day and night,
For Africa.
13. Or sitting by some crystal stream,
We'll there rehearse the Gospel scene,
While gladness o'er *their* souls shall gleam,
In Africa.
14. The old and young shall shout aloud,
And often there together crowd,
In temples built to worship God,
In Africa.
15. Oh! vision bright! Lord, let us fly,
Together there to live and die,
Then then, our dust for help shall cry,
For Africa.

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